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# BULLETIN

OF THE

# American Iris Society

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TRAVELS.

No. 36 ✓

R. S. STURTEVANT, Editor  
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## CONTENTS

Officers .....	2
Samuel W. Burchfield, 1870-1928 .....	4
In Appreciation .....	5
<i>E. B. Williamson, Mrs. Azro Fellows, R. V. Ashley, Thura Truax</i> .....	7
<i>Hires, Harvey Whipple, Albert E. Green</i> .....	11
Burchfield Introductions 1923-1927 .....	12
Seraphin Mottet, his Work and Writings .....	15
Iris Visits in Southern California. <i>Grace Sturtevant</i> .....	20
With Mr. Bliss and Dominion. <i>Wylie McL. Ayres</i> .....	26
"Iris Fine." <i>Sherman L. Duffy</i> .....	36
Seen in Passing. <i>Thura Truax Hires</i> .....	47
Symposium Notes. <i>E. N. S. Ringueberg, M.D.</i> .....	51
Columbus Iris Show. <i>E. H. Bretschneider</i> .....	54
The Iris-Clump Pan. <i>E. H. Bretschneider</i> .....	55
Flags is Flags .....	
Tid-Bits 24th. In Houston, Texas; In Washington, D. C.; Chicago Show; .....	56
From Tokyo, Japan .....	

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SAMUEL W. BURCHFIELD

# THE AMERICAN IRIS SOCIETY

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SAMUEL W. BURCHFIELD

(1870-1928)

Samuel W. Burchfield died early Wednesday morning, November 14, 1928, at his home in Ann Arbor. He was born November 16, 1870 in the Humboldt Mountains of Nevada. In 1876 his parents moved to Philadelphia, later settling in Youngstown, Ohio, where Mr. Burchfield was educated. Shortly after finishing high school he removed to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he established a tailoring business, retiring from active interest in the firm of Burchfield & Ryan in 1926 because of failing health. Actively interested in politics he served 28 years as coroner of Washtenaw County.

A lover of the outdoor life he devoted his leisure hours to hobbies of this type. He early became interested in taxidermy, which led to an extensive study of bird life. Fishing and hunting held his interest at various times but all soon gave place to horticulture which became the great interest of his life.

Becoming interested in the subject of mushrooms he soon became known as an authority whose advice was frequently sought by the faculty of the University of Michigan, and for many years he was a lecturer there. His collection of books on mushrooms was one of the most complete in the country.

During the early years of his interest in horticulture he had a general garden but his growing interest in the iris soon caused him to concentrate his attention upon the cultivation of this plant. Experiment followed experiment and he became nationally and internationally known as a raiser of irises. A thousand varieties of irises, one hundred of which are unusually rare, are to be found in his garden, this collection being valued at more than \$25,000. Mr. Burchfield worked for years in his experiments, gaining results in the growing of irises of rare color and beauty which attracted the attention of horticulturists in all parts of the world. Exhibits in local, state and national flower shows gained him addi-

tional honors and awards. During these years he grew many thousands of seedlings, one being an entirely black iris, while another, a pink one, he named Lady Lillian, in honor of his wife. He introduced to commerce only those seedlings he considered distinct from varieties already known. His iris garden attracted visitors from the four corners of the country and many gardens, both public and private, owe many of their rare irises to his interest in the more unusual iris species.

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## IN APPRECIATION

### Burchfield—the Boy

In the male of the species, the boy seems eternally to lurk but just below the surface. Most of us manfully keep the little rascal submerged, weakening only when we are ill and must be mothered, or when we win the club trophy and must be praised.

In Sam Burchfield, the boy—the little boy—seemed to have the upper hand most of the time. Any iris fan who has hurried and hopped and puffed around in Sam's wake in the Huron Valley garden appreciates that.

Burchfield had an apparent good will for the casual visitor who referred to his pets as "flags," the while battling with a rising scorn for any-one so depraved. The ordinary flower lover who didn't specialize in much of anything was made the subject of skillful propaganda, for here might be a convert who in time would worship as faithfully as any at the iris shrine. But let a collector come up that gravel drive that led from the street to a garage full of garden tools and Sam Burchfield, the solid citizen of sober age simply disappeared. The boy appeared.

His garden hospitality was not that of a guide showing the features of his precious acre bed by bed and plant by plant—no orderly tour conducted up this path and down that one. The fine bubbling enthusiasm of the boy swept the visitor this way and that, one variety in the rockery compelling comparison with another just a little better behind the garage and that one immediately calling for a look at a third the other side of a little white church which sat serenely on the next lot. You soon dropped the "Mister"—somehow you couldn't get to know the man very well and use anything but "Sam." Bending over some variety sent

to him by a friend near the equator, Sam would peer through his large glasses, praise the pet extravagantly and then wait with bated breath for your opinion. He'd whip the little black book from the hip pocket of his knickers and while you were still examining the iris in question you'd hear his call from far beyond a shrubbery planting and you'd find him down on his knees at another shrine, his devotion completely transplanted.

Enthusiasm—warm, youthful, bubbling enthusiasm that welled so fast as to make him inarticulate—that's what made a boy of a man of mature years. His iris friends caught it instantly. The garden tour became a marathon. Argument rose to the heavens. You left the place confident—and rightly so—that you had missed many things you should have seen.

And it seemed especially fitting that so large a boy should interest himself particularly with the tiniest of the genus *Iris*. His work with the dwarfs was perhaps more important for the impetus it gave to others than for any definite achievements to its credit, though Burchfield gave us such things as *Endymion*, *Huron Imp* and *Sonny*. Many an iris lover has paid scant attention to the little fellows until he came under Burchfield's spell. Sam did a lot of work on these early ones and made real contributions to the nomenclature of iris. Besides the three already named, consider the poetry of *Judy*, *Lady Bird*, *Harbor Lights*, *Fi Fi*, *Buzzer*, *Danny Boy*, *Silver Elf*, *Quaint*, *Urchin* and *Wendy*!

In his hybridizing, Sam was something of a Bolshevik. A wide reader, he had studied plant breeding and knew so much about it as to know the limitation of the rules. You gained the impression that he kept few records of crosses—he found himself at variance with sober gentlemen who meticulously follow the blood through generation after generation. With what salty comments would he have greeted the announcement that the production of a certain beautiful iris had been confidently and accurately foretold by the hybridizer two years before!

Burchfield worked hard for his results—worked with intelligence—and scoffed at many of the laws laid down. He packed a whole iris kingdom into two city lots. His collection took only that much room, less the space which Sam grudgingly allowed for a comfortable abode. The church he bought and moved out of his way. His surplus stock he grew in other people's back yards, as does many another.

But it wasn't his surplus stock that held his interest. It was the fairy population of innumerable beds, tucked around under bushes—shade didn't seem to bother Sam's iris. Serious in his work of hybridizing, untiring in the gruelling work of taking care of so many valuable plants, Burchfield needed only the companionship of a kindred soul to clip off forty years and be as naïve, as optimistic and as effervescent as the boys who flew their kites on the commons below the churchyard.

Sam Burchfield left the world more beautiful by reason of the prompting he gave to Nature; the sly whispers with which he suggested things for her to do about this delicate matter that goes on between the stem and the fading petals of an iris bloom. More than that—far more—he left a pleasant wholesome memory behind—a memory that quickens the hearts of those who knew him.

—A FRIEND.

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Among the tender memories of Sam Burchfield which many of us hold dear there will always be pictures of many hours spent together in gardens where his enthusiasm and genial whimsicality ran like quicksilver. Of all my iris friends he was the most enthusiastic. Varietal names by the hundreds were at his tongue's tip and in the dead of winter in conversation with congenial friends the images these names called forth were as vivid as the irises themselves. "Finest in the world" was a phrase often on his lips. Fungi he loved, and birds, too, and knew them well, but iris stood unrivalled in nature in his affections.

He was an enthusiastic and intelligent collector and his discussions of adventures in this field brought all his vivid personality into voice and face. But I never heard him discuss his hybridizing work or any of its results unless direct questions were put to him. His modesty in this particular set him off rather sharply from the rest of us who find the conversation most interesting when our particular creations, accidental in most cases, are under discussion, preferably favorable. This modesty of Sam Burchfield's was not a cloak to cover any secrecy. Once others brought the conversation definitely to his own work he was as frank as he was modest. But he knew too much science to have any delusions about the status of iris breeding.

He was a frequent and most welcome visitor in my own scattered bits of gardens where I profited by his comments and was

inspired by his enthusiasm. He was a dear and loved friend, whose interest in iris was unselfish and constructive. The results of his enthusiasm will accrue in many gardens long after that day when his own garden knew him no more forever.—E. B. WILLIAMSON.

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We first became acquainted with Mr. Burchfield through his iris catalogue, as he listed many species and varieties which were, at that time, difficult to find in this country. There was also a fine list of the dwarf bearded and intermediates, quite a number of them being his own seedlings with names which were quite alluring.

From this source we became possessed of many treasured plants and later on, we twice secured him as judge of our iris shows—held under the direction of the A. I. S.—finding him thorough, capable and willing to impart information. He had a good flower eye and was decided in his opinion as to which were worthy and which were not and why. He was interested in becoming acquainted with members of the Society and in visiting their gardens; seeming to be one of those who found “untellable content” in his garden.—MRS. AZRO FELLOWS.

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Mr. Burchfield was a most genial and delightful character, a man who had a great fund of iris knowledge and who loved to talk about the plants in his garden. His was really a “kindred soul,” and in his death I feel the iris fraternity has suffered a great loss and those who knew him a fine friend. I am sure that many of his friends in thinking of him will feel with the poet,

“But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

—R. V. ASHLEY.

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Few knew that several years before the Iris Society was organized Mr. Burchfield had considerable correspondence with Mr. Farr regarding the possibility of forming such a society and had also asked the assistance of the editorial staff of *The Garden Magazine*. A charter member of the society he was keenly interested in all its activities. Because of failing health he would not accept the



vice-presidency of his region, though he gave unstintingly of his time in furthering interest in iris growing in the north central states and always responded to a call to act as a judge at the shows, though often it was at a time when he wanted to be in his own garden.

In his northern garden he assembled what was undoubtedly the finest collection of iris species in this country, growing those most difficult with an ease that caused constant amazement to growers in more favored climates, whose efforts often met with failure. He had a most complete collection of apogons, being more interested in this group than in the bearded section. His collection of Japanese hybrids was very large and he deserved much praise for the care shown in compiling his catalog listing of this section at a time when there was so much confusion regarding nomenclature. From 1923 to 1927 he listed a number of seedlings of both dwarf and tall bearded, the result of several years of hybridizing. He felt too little thought had been given the dwarfs and hoped to develop a series of better size and form, feeling that the size of bloom should be more in keeping with the height of the plant. But it was in his work with the other groups he was most interested and was looking forward to the blooming in 1929 of many reglio-cyclus crosses, as well as to first bloom of his seedlings of the beardless groups. Often he would write of the slowness of his work with the apogons because, even with the greatest care, the bees and the self fertilization of some species put his labor to naught. Of the reglio-cyclus he considered Hera the finest and used it in his breeding. Hyacinthiana (Farrer's No. 496) he considered the finest of the ensatas, introducing it to American gardens in 1926. Of his own introductions he considered Quaint the best of the dwarfs and Schiawassee the finest of the tall bearded. Huron Regent, a fulva hybrid, he considered the best of his beardless seedlings. Many gardens have been enriched through his interest in the unusual among irises and hard to obtain species could usually be had by writing him, though his catalog listed only a part of those he grew.

While we had been friends through correspondence for a number of years it was not until 1927 that I had the pleasure of meeting him. I found him to be all his letters had led me to expect, an enthusiastic irisarian whose great pleasure was to exchange views regarding his favorite flower with kindred spirits. The time was all too short and we parted looking forward to another day

at Freeport the following season. But, alas! he was not well enough to make the trip and the notes we had made during the winter months of topics we wished to discuss were left to the pages of the little note books.

In sending Harbor Lights to my garden he told me the name was suggested when, returning from a trip to Montreal, the lights of the harbor shone forth across the water, reminding him of this little seedling bloom on a terrace in his garden. I like to think the lights of the harbor shone as brightly for him on this last crossing.

Springs will come to this northern garden; birds sing gaily in the boughs of the cherry trees; the flowers he loved so dearly will blossom under the care of loving hands, while throughout this broad land of our his memory will endure in the beauty of the irises.—THURA TRUAX HIRES.

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The delightful thing about Sam Burchfield was his amazing enthusiasm and his tireless interest. I have never visited with him in his Iris garden that I was not impressed with these characteristics.—HARVEY WHIPPLE.

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My acquaintance with Sam Burchfield dates from 1920 when I walked by his house one day in June, admired his irises and was invited into his garden. That same year the American Iris Society published Bulletin No. 1 which contained the list of charter members among whom we were both included. Upon receipt of his copy Mr. Burchfield telephoned me to say that the local members should know each other and do what they could in support of the society. From that year on I visited his very interesting garden frequently during the iris season. He was always cordial to visitors and his place was a great attraction to the flower lovers of Ann Arbor. He grew many unusual plants when such plants were not so easy to get as they are to-day.

His iris collection was remarkably complete and, until new introductions of doubtful merit began to appear in floods, he aimed to have all the varieties in commerce which he could grow and frequently spoke of his importations from European dealers. I have just been looking over his first catalog, issued in 1925, and find a surprising list of species, offered in no other one catalog so far as I know.

He was particularly successful with the regelias and the regeliocyclus hybrids of which he had a good number. He grew them in raised beds on a terrace on the south side of a retaining wall where they flourished without any particular care apparently. I remember especially a fine clump of Hera which made a very gay show every spring. He was also a lover of the peony and one of the features of his garden latterly has been a long, closely planted bed of early single peonies which he raised from seed. These bloomed with the tall bearded irises and made a fine display.

His garden was on the city lot where he lived but it was surprising how many plants he cultivated in the space available. I often wondered at the neatness of the place for he did all the gardening himself in his spare time. His seedlings he grew on plots rented from some of his neighbors. A few years ago, in order to expand his garden, he acquired the lot next to his house and moved off a small chapel which stood there. This extension made his property adjoin a small city park so he arranged with the Superintendent of Parks to plant a part of this park with irises. The whole arrangement was very attractive.

Mr. Burchfield was the most enthusiastic and thorough gardener I ever knew and I greatly miss his cheery greeting and the opportunity I enjoyed of discussing our favorite flower upon visits to his delightful garden.—ALBERT E. GREEN.

## BURCHFIELD INTRODUCTIONS

1923

Gray Voile. (T. B.)  
Guileless. (T. B.)  
Harvestone. (T. B.)  
Huron Wile. (T. B.)  
Joshua. (T. B.)

Lady Lillian. (T. B.)  
Lorna Doone. (T. B.)  
Maid Huron. (T. B.)  
Meadow Lark. (T. B.)  
Zobeida. (T. B.)

1925

Endymion. (D. B.)  
Gandhi. (T. B.)  
Huron Imp. (D. B.)  
Placid. (D. B.)  
Quaint. (D. B.)

Reflection. (D. B.)  
Silver Elf. (D. B.)  
Weathered Sibirica. (Sib.)  
Winona. (T. B.)

1926

Huron Regent. (Hex.)  
Milleress. (T. B.)  
Obediah. (T. B.)

Sonny. (D. B.)  
Wendy. (D. B.)

A. Muehlig. (T. B.)  
 Buzzer. (D. B.)  
 Danny Boy. (D. B.)  
 Fi Fi. (D. B.)  
 Harbor Lights. (D. B.)

Judy. (D. B.)  
 Lady Bird. (D. B.)  
 Moqueto. (D. B.)  
 Schiawassee. (T. B.)  
 Urchin. (D. B.)

There are between fifty and sixty seedlings, both dwarf and tall bearded, still under observation.

## SERAPHIN MOTTET

AUGUST, 17, 1861—MARCH 15, 1930

To members of the American Iris Society M. Mottet was known chiefly through the introductions from the famous firm of Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie and through his contributions; in particular *Les Iris Cultives*, the report of the International Conference in 1922. *Alcazar* (1908-1910) was for many years the best known of irises; as a garden clump it is still difficult to surpass and its progeny still ranks among the highest. To early gardeners the first sight of this one variety remains memorable.

The traveled members of our group had the pleasure of meeting M. Mottet the man but he will be remembered by many more for his contributions to the development of finer irises.—*Ed.*

Death continues to take its toll among our contributors. In February we sorrowed over the loss of M. Leon Chenault, and now, it is with keen regret that we announce the death of one of the earliest, the most faithful and and valued of them all, M. Seraphin-Joseph Mottet, who died at Paris on March 15, in his sixty-ninth year.

M. Mottet, like his friend, M. Chenault, was a personality in French horticulture and known by his works. Though born at Paris in 1861, his childhood was spent at Saulee-sur-Rhone (Drome) and he commenced his horticultural career in 1875, working at Lyon with Mme. Ducher, the rosarian in the Parc de la Tete d'Or, and later at Marseilles in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. In 1880 he came to Paris, entering the employment of Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie and working first in the establishment at de Reuilly, then in the head office on the Quay de la Megisserie. Except for a brief experience in England in 1885 he has continued in his connection with this famous firm.

An intelligent student and passionately devoted to the growing of plants M. Mottet acquired a deep knowledge of both horticulture and botany and in 1897 was placed in charge of the experimental collections at Verrieres-le-Buisson (Seine-et-Oise). From that time he was most active in the breeding of wheat, of potatoes, of gladiolus and particularly of the primulinus hybrids and of the garden irises.

In 1922 he was in charge of the organization of the first International Conference on Irises sponsored by the French National Horticultural Society and received from the Iris Society of England a Silver Medal in appreciation of his work with irises.

Under the direction of the late Philippe de Vilmorin he developed at Verrieres a great alpine garden and in Charolais a Pezanin (Saone-et-Loire) an important arboretum of twenty hectares belonging to Mme. Philippe de Vilmorin and including over a thousand species. He was still engaged in this last at the time of his death and was making valued contributions in dendrology and silviculture and especially in the commercial value of the Douglas Spruce and the ornamental value of the many varieties of conifers.

M. Mottet was an untiring worker. Far from the world and its distractions his long days were a continued labor, useful and productive. Having experimented much and observed much he contributed much to the printed page. He wrote clearly and simply and was in the first rank of popular writers on garden subjects. His first article in the *Revue Horticole* appeared in 1880 and his last in February, 1930. For forty years he was a regular contributor to our pages, notably in the description of novelties but he wrote also for *Le Jardin*, *le Petit Jardin*, *le Journal d'Agriculture pratique*, *le Journal de la Societe Nationale d'Horticulture*, *l'Agriculture Nouvelle*, *la Gazette du Village*, etc.

He published a number of books: in 1891 the translation of Nicholson's Dictionary of Gardening, a vast undertaking carried over ten years and resulting in five volumes of 800 pages each. This is still one of the finest contributions to the development of horticulture in France; in 1897 came *Petit guide pratique de jardinage*, now in its fifth edition; in 1897 *La Mosaiculture* (five editions); in 1895 an elementary treatise on the propagation of vegetables; in 1896 in collaboration with M. Cochet, *Les Rosiers* (five editions); in 1892, *Les Oeillets*, and their culture (five edi-

tions); in 1898 in collaboration with M. Boucher, *Les Clematities* and other vines; in 1902 *Les Coniferes et Taxacees*; in 1908 *Les Arbustes d'ornement*, an important work of almost six hundred pages; in 1912, *La Monographie des Primeveres*; in 1920, *La Pomme de terre*. It was on the third reprint of this work that he received the *Jonbert Prix de l'Hyberderie*.

M. Mottet organized many conferences both in Paris and in the provinces on the culture of the potato and on various flowers. For thirty-three years he was professor of Horticulture at the St. Nicholas School at Igny. One can well say that his life was consecrated to horticulture. In recognition of his work he was named "officier du Merite agricole" and "officier d'academie;" he well merited these high honors.

This indefatigable worker whose modesty was equalled only by his industry has left with us records that will make his name live in the world of horticulturists.\*

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\* From *Revue Horticole*, April 16, 1930, by F. Lesourd.

## IRIS VISITS (IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

GRACE STURTEVANT

Although I had dreamed of California in iris-time for years it was this year that my dream came true. Miss Edlmann, who has been my associate for some time, and I left Wellesley on March 30; left the garden with crocus and snow-drops peering through the winter covering and with a glimpse of *Iris reticulata* as a promise of what was to come, three full iris seasons intervening before we were again in our own garden.

Our delightful experiences began on our arrival in Los Angeles April 5th, as Mr. Milliken had brought in great bouquets of irises to decorate the rooms assigned us at the Club. He had hoped to arrange them himself and though the rules of a woman's club forbade the result was still lovely. For my room with its lavender gray walls and deeper toned hangings there was a great bunch of San Gabriel (Dean) and for Miss Edlmann there were Regelias—think of picking an armful of these! They both lasted for days and as a Californian greeting were a happy augury of four weeks of cordial hospitality in the most delightful of iris gardens, in the most heavenly month of the year, in the most wonderful state in the Union.

California's invigorating climate must account for such energetic people and such hard workers as the iris fans we met. Mr. Milliken is a keen but genial business man, connected with the Citrus Growers association, who runs the iris business with the help of an efficient secretary and a manager who this year even set up a fine exhibit at the Show. And yet with all this to supervise, Mr. Milliken found time not only to show us his irises but to take us to the Huntington Gallery and Gardens, a great treat to lovers of good pictures as well as of plants.

He has several acres but not in one block, the show garden with its novelties, the new introductions from Mr. Essig, fine varieties and interesting species, alone adjoins the shaded bungalow. New York Avenue is planted alternately with palms and Italian cypresses, the similarity of columnar form and height between the palm trunks and the cypresses amusing me greatly. A flagged

path leads up to the house and at the very entrance was a lovely group—a pearly-gray and pink soft texture heather rising high above a great clump of salmon-pink *Watsonia* with just a touch given by Mme. Cheri echoing its color. Of all the irideae that may be grown in California the *Watsonia* is the one that I should most like to grow and hybridize.

The garden proper lies behind the house among fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and I was especially interested in a group of



FIG. 1. At Mr. Milliken's. Mrs. Essig, Mr. Milliken, Miss Sturtevant, and Mr. Essig. (From left to right). Photo by V. F. Edlmann

hexagona seedlings, fine flowers from white through blue-lavender to dark red-purple with taller and stiffer stems than *Dorothea K. Williamson*. Then there was a pure yellow *fulva*. Later, in Prof. Essig's garden we saw other *fulva* seedlings in a charming variety of colors. In California these are most graceful and floriferous, making bouquet-like garden plants.

*Mesopotamica*, which is not hardy in Massachusetts, grows like a weed and to its offspring gives enormous size, height, and both an early and an extended period of bloom, all desirable points for



California. Its fall growth is, of course, liable to be injured by winter cold and ice east of the Rocky Mountains. Many of its seedlings have proved hardy with me and, in fact, I suspect that they will stand the more severe winters better than the open winters of Tennessee and at least southern Ohio.



*Photo by V. F. Edlmann*

FIG. 2. Iris Shasta as grown by Mr. White.

Pacific and California Blue (Essig) were in full bloom on our first visit, the first making a fine mass of about the same tone as Santa Barbara. It will, as far as my short experience goes, do as well in Massachusetts, but California Blue is pre-eminently a variety for its home state with San Gabriel habit of continuous

bloom during at least March and April and with enormous flowers on stalks to match; color a deep blue-violet. There were also single stalks of Rose Mitchell and Rose Ultra, flowers of the general tone of Aphrodite but without the white haft.

With the exception of lilacs and peonies, everything seems to grow luxuriantly in California and even the lawns are like velvet with



FIG. 3. Iris Mauna Loa in Dr. Berry's Garden. *Photo by V. F. Edlmann*

the necessary daily watering. There is such a profusion of flowers, such a riot of color that irises are not as necessary for garden effects in spring as here in Massachusetts so that only people who know irises plant them and it is more a question of the education of home gardeners than of supplying the plants. The climate is ideal for them, cool nights, warm days, dry summers and irrigation when they need it. They can grow many varieties that we cannot but also can not grow some that we enjoy—the variegatas that require

a winter rest. Dr. Williams, of San Bernardino, has a town garden where he specializes in apogons but his second garden, 5000 feet up the mountain, grows the variegatas as well as we do.

Redlands is the Mecca of iris growers in the south as Berkeley is to the north and "Whitehill" beggars description with its wonderful outlook and charming host and hostess.

The house stands on the crest of a spur and Mr. White has extended his special gardens down precipitous slopes in two miniature canyons which provide such shelter that he can grow roses to perfection. Nowhere could the Fortune's Yellow grow in more beautiful abundance but I was fascinated by the little terraced beds of ixias, sparaxis, tritoma, and everything you might mention. The iris are largely grown under high slat roofs which temper the mid-day sun and with his method of cultivation reach perfection. The picture of Shasta which, for garden effect, I like even better than Purissima illustrates this although it does not suggest the actual height of the stalk which approached 50 inches. In this garden the leaves were often three inches across and long in proportion which reduced the apparent height of the flower stalks.

I like to get into an iris garden early but I always found Mr. White ready to wish me "the top of the morning" and to show me the newest iris or the loveliest rose as we made the rounds before going in to breakfast. He is crossing extensively, using regelias and oncocyclus to achieve a greater range in the early blooming varieties. Here we saw fine masses of the Berry introductions; the lovely Osprey which I hope will prove hardy in my garden, Canyon Mists just the color of the mist against the mountains at sunset, Mauna Loa a picture of which Miss Edlmann made in the garden of the originator, and the new Acropolis, a very, very dark flower. William Mohr here was truly a garden variety, the clumps with good foliage and marvellous flowers unlike any other. There was a magnificent clump of *I. ochroleuca* Alice Eastwood (Branin) many times better in growth and number of flower stalks than the older varieties.

Miss Hinckley showed us not only her own garden full of irises but also took us to see Mrs. Lowthrop and her interesting plot of seedlings at San Bernardino. This plot was even more impressive than the many seedlings raised by my old friend Dr. Berry who scatters both seedlings and named varieties through an area crowded with choice fruits and trees. Here it was that I gathered my first

orange, (which I was told should be picked from close to the main trunk) in the dim light under the thick canopy of foliage. Among the many irises was a fine line of Melchior (Wallace, 1927) a very dark red-purple, and Duke of Bedford an equally rich blue-purple.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## WITH MR. BLISS AND DOMINION

WYLIE McL. AYRES

It seems that as a society advances in years and honorable estate (we have just passed our first decade), some one of its members is sure to feel an urge to turn back the pages, on occasions, of our archives and add here and there a few lines they think may be of interest.

The occasion, for me, was a visit last summer to Mr. Bliss and his garden at Morwellham, and the subject to which I wish to add certain lines, is an old one—older than our society—Dominion.

As a subject Dominion has, perhaps, caused more controversy, both pro and con, in our little Iris World, than any other individual flower of the genus and it goes without saying that anything that can cause so much of a stir has its good points as well as some qualities that are not quite so good.

The older members of this society will recall that a few of us in Cincinnati were much intrigued by the qualities and beauty of this foremost Bliss creation and used it extensively in crossbreeding.

Being one of those who came under its spell in the early gay twenties and feeling that it has marked a distinct milestone in the progress of iris breeding, I was delighted to be in England last spring during iris-time and to be able to make, as my first iris pilgrimage, a visit to Morwellham and Mr. Bliss.

The trip from London to Tavistock, a distance of a little more than two hundred miles, takes one through an attractive part of southern England; Devonshire, with its hills and green valleys, being especially interesting. Arriving at Tavistock shortly after two o'clock, Mr. Bliss' brother met me and drove to his home where he has, as do all good relatives of a hybridizer, a garden full of overflow irises. His house, beautifully situated on a hillside, faces a deep valley in which Mr. Bliss pointed out a small river, the dividing line between Devon and Cornwall. Off in the distance toward

a line of wooded hills is the estate of the Duke of Bedford, of which Mr. Bliss is the agent, and for whom Mr. A. J. Bliss named one of the Dominion seedlings. Just as in our country where each state differs in appearance and contour from its neighbor, so in England does Surrey look entirely unlike Kent, and does Cornwall, with its higher and greyer hills, seem to lack the friendly verdure of the hills of Devon.

The run down to Mr. Bliss' garden at Morwellham from his brother's took only a few moments and, as the visit had been arranged by telephone from London the day before, he was waiting for me in front of his garden. There are really two small gardens, not contiguous, but not very far from one another. The land slopes at a decided angle in both and the soil, which I invariably look at in every garden and compare with the hard clay to be found in my iris beds, was gravelly and contained considerable silt. In the upper garden, which we visited first, there were some *plicatas* with which he has lately been working, as well as other seedlings, but nothing of special note. The lower garden is the better and it was here that he has many of his older creations as well as those of the last few years. There were also several beds of *narcissi* with which he has been doing some crossing.

He was most cordial and was pleased on one or two occasions to see that I was not interested in looking consecutively at certain seedlings, or beds, as we went along, but was keeping my eyes fixed on one or two in beds we had not yet come to, because of the outstanding points I could see they possessed. With great pride in his smile he showed me *Senlac* and *Carfax*, the former having been brought out last year by the Orpington Nurseries, while the latter is to be introduced by them this year. *Senlac* is a reddish claret toned iris, free flowering, well branched and hardy. Mr. Bliss considers this a fine red garden iris. *Carfax*, he told me, he considers the best he has introduced since he brought out that outstanding iris named for Mrs. Valerie West. In color the general effect of *Carfax* is a rich red or dahlia purple. It has good substance and form but its most striking characteristic is the branching and the number of flowers in bloom on a single stalk at the same time. It is several generations removed from *Dominion* and has, of course, by careful selection and breeding, gotten away—far away—from one of the worst faults of its grandparent, that of holding its flowers too close to the stem. It was owing, I think, to this remark-

able branching and free flowering habit that it received the silver gilt medal last summer at the Chelsea show.

Having mentioned the iris, Mrs. Valerie West, I am going to return to that subject and quote a few lines of a letter from Mr. Bliss. "I have not done much crossing of these older sorts lately (referring to Dominion, Cardinal, etc.). I feel I got the culmination in Mrs. Valerie West so have turned to other developments." Mr. Bliss is right. Mrs. Valerie West is truly the culmination of the many beautiful and outstanding irises which have been given to us by this skillful hybridist. In my visits to many gardens, to the Chelsea show, to Wisley, etc., during the past summer, this flower stands out as the most perfect iris I saw. Twice in America I had seen it in bloom but it evidently was not established for it did not even register an impression, but as seen at Chelsea and in Mr. Pilkington's garden it was the ultimate of perfection in an iris of that color. Mrs. Valerie West is however, in my opinion, an individual flower to be seen and enjoyed as a beautiful specimen. There were, perhaps, but three other irises which left with me about the same impression—that is of something standing apart from all the rest in their approach to perfection—and though it is digressing from the subject I will name them. Sir Michael was one. As grown there and as displayed in the exhibits it seemed so outstanding in its, to me, attractive blending of colors, its size and proud carriage, that other irises thereabouts seemed almost insignificant. There must have been here, too, a culmination of the many splendid things Mr. Yeld has given us. The next was a seedling which Mrs. Dykes brought to the show for judging. On the first day, or rather in the morning when the judges were going around, it had not opened sufficiently but by the afternoon and during all the next day it was there with all its subtle charm, a study in yellows and bronzes which I will not attempt to describe. It was to be named Joyance and I heard it won the Dykes Medal. The third should really be twins and America may well be—and I know is—proud of Mr. Mitchell's achievement in producing Los Angeles and San Francisco. They were shown to perfection in both Mr. Baker's and Mr. Pilkington's exhibits in the American class and were the center of an admiring crowd of visitors at the show. If anything they were bigger, better and more perfectly grown than when I saw them in Mr. Mitchell's garden in Berkeley, though at that time they were massed together with others in the seedling beds neither having been chosen from

their many good looking brothers or sisters to represent so admirably, with their equal beauty, those two rival cities on our western coast.

But to return to Mr. Bliss whom I left rather unceremoniously in his garden a few moments ago. He has a good yellow so far as size, branching and some other points go but the color was washed out as in Shekinah, lacking the fine tone seen in Gold Imperial and so much to be desired. When I wrote Mr. Bliss, after my visit, that I thought the perfect yellow had not, as yet, been born he made a reply which I am going to quote as I know it will appeal to you as it did to me. "I have, of course, made some crosses for a 'perfect yellow' but I have not concentrated on it at all as I think Miss Sturtevant should be the one to give us the perfect yellow, as she led the way with her Shekinah." That seemed to me to epitomize everything that was gracious and generous among two of our most noted hybridizers.

But it was not on account of Mrs. Valerie West or Bruno or even Cardinal that I took this trip to Tavistock and then a jerky down to Plymouth after eleven o'clock to meet the midnight train which brought me into London at a beastly early hour as they would say. It was to see Dominion in its own garden and to see Mr. Bliss and Dominion together. It was certainly worth a great deal to watch the expression of pleasure and pride that played over his face as I took a picture of him in my first attempt with a movie camera while he held Dominion in front of him and turned it slowly around.

And here is just where that reference to turning back the pages and delving into the ancient tomes comes in, for I want to write a little more of the history of this iris for those who may be interested. Much, of course, has already appeared in previous bulletins and comment both favorable and unfavorable has been spread before the society. Doubt even has been cast upon its origin, some saying the shadow of a black prince must have exerted a mysterious prenatal influence. It has been scored, with some justice, because of its poor growing qualities, and I will admit the criticism of the way it holds its flowers so close to the stem is absolutely warranted. However, it has been grown well many times in many gardens in America and when so grown it has had a jauntness in the way in which it carries itself, a depth of color in its standards and almost horizontal falls that is unique and makes some of us overlook its bad points and see only the good. One quality I have purposely

omitted in the above listing and this quality is its most valuable one, making Dominion the veritable parent of a new race. This quality is substance which is found to be transmitted to the next generation. Is it to be wondered that Dominion became the forebear of a line of illustrious irises, the equal of which I question if we can find accredited to any other single iris.

What a sensation was created in our little Iris World by the introduction of Cardinal, Bruno, Swazi, Yeoman, Majestic, Gabriel, Glamour, Zulu, Romola, Tenebrae, etc., of the first generation and many later ones, including Grace Sturtevant and Mrs. Valerie West from Mr. Bliss and introductions from other hybridizers who have used this stock in their cross breeding. It interests me to note that some hybridists boast of the fact they have never used Dominion in their crosses, while others are glad to announce that their seedlings are of part Dominion blood. A new catalog just received from one of our prominent members states that up to and including 1929 none of his introductions contained any Dominion blood, but this year he announces six new seedlings which "will take their proper place as worthy members of the great Dominion race." As I say this interests me because it almost would seem they regard Dominion—while not exactly as they would a new species—yet as one that has set a new standard. In speaking of their seedlings they now say they have so much *mesopotamica*, or this amount of Dominion or Riccardi or perhaps it may be a certain proportion of *cengialti* or *cypriana*.

In my visit to Mr. Bliss that afternoon there was so much to see and his interest and enthusiasm in the newer productions was so keen my list of intended questions about Dominion and Cardinal was almost forgotten, so after my return I wrote him about other facts not quite cleared up that day. As he has told us the seed from which Dominion was derived came from one of two seeds in a pod of *Cordelia* by *Macrantha*, sown in 1905, which, owing to late sowing, did not germinate until 1907.

Flowering for the first time in 1909 Mr. Bliss, of course, saw it was fine but did not take any great interest in it, he says, because he had expected a red flower and was disappointed. He had chosen *Cordelia* as the reddest toned *neglecta* which he then had, and *Macrantha* also because of its red undertones. Mr. Bliss says, "it was only at its second flowering in 1910 that my little niece, Phyllis, who took a great interest in my flowers and who was really, at the



age of about ten, as good a judge of an iris as anyone I have known, made me realize fully how good it was, by insisting that it was far the best iris I had raised."

Dominion's first two years were a little stormy as it did not grow very strongly. In 1912 Mr. Bliss transferred all his seedlings from Kent to Devon where the soil, he thought, was better for irises. Here Dominion and the others thrived and when in 1917 Mr. Wallace went down to look over the seedlings there were twelve large clumps of Dominion—over eighty rhizomes—and between twenty and thirty flower spikes in full bloom. Mr. Bliss says Mr. Wallace was very much impressed with Dominion—as he well might have been—and bought the stock. And hereby hangs a tale for I was told it had been seen by other commercial growers and had been turned down. I think those of us who appreciate Dominion and what it has done for the iris world owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Wallace for recognizing its qualities and value and distributing it with the energy which he showed.

Speaking of distribution here is another story I would like to add if I thought my friend, Charlie Phillips, would not object. Being a keen iris grower and always on the lookout for novelties he saw the advertisement in an English flower magazine telling of a wonderful new iris, giving its points and qualities but saying nothing at all about the price. Up to that time an iris costing two or three dollars was a high priced one and irises costing over five or ten dollars were practically unknown. So Charlie, who is a most generous soul, wanting to share the pleasure of having this new flower with some of his friends, ordered six. Quarantine 37 was unheard of at that time so in the course of a few weeks the plants arrived—but no bill. Charlie knew they were holding that bill back for some reason, but he was not quite sure why and not a bit worried. Finally it came and a surprise with it, to wit—Six irises, Dominion . . . \$200.00. If Charlie Phillips is anything, he is a darn good sport, so the bill was paid and he proceeded to plant some and give several away just as he had intended doing when he ordered them. Because he was one of the first in America to order this iris is one of the reasons why Cincinnati had such a good start with its Dominion seedlings.

Regarding the second generation of Dominion Mr. Bliss says he probably began crossing it as early as 1912 but it either did not set a pod or the seed was all infertile until 1915 when he made crosses

between Trojana Superba and Dominion, getting large pods full of good seeds. It was this cross and a reciprocal one that gave rise to the first of the Dominion race. These seeds were planted late and did not flower until 1918 and 1919. Think of the fun he must have had when seeing such flowers as Moa, Cardinal, Majestic, Bruno, etc., blooming for the first time. He says "they were all good and were wonderful when they appeared in comparison with the older sorts that then existed."

He writes further "The most interesting developments (to me) are what I am getting on the line of the iris 'Grace Sturtevant.' Some of these flowered last June (after you were here) and even though I am, perhaps, getting accustomed to seeing extra good (new) seedlings, I was surprised, and of course very pleased, as they were much better than I had hoped for. And a good many remain to flower—this year."

And so, you see, the race will be carried on, not only through the efforts and skill of Mr. Bliss, but by the many here in the United States who have recognized the qualities and virtues of iris Dominion.

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### "IRIS FINE"

SHERMAN DUFFY

Catching up with Cayeux looks like a long stern chase for other breeders in the light of Député Nomblot, which comes to us heralded as the greatest iris in France, and the famous No. 4196 which, for the last few seasons, has been reported abroad as the last word in dark irises. No. 4196 has been registered as President Pilkington in honor of the former president of the English Iris Society. It is the last word in dark irises—until Cayeux or somebody else gives us another.

President Pilkington was the center of interest in Mrs. Douglas Patterson's garden. It budded last year but through a garden tragedy the blooming stalk was broken off, and it was unseen until this year when it showed its magnificence.

President Pilkington is a duplicate in color of Louis Bel. It is a large flower of perfect form and finish, with wide ample falls of velvety depth and intensity. It is also of good height, apparently in the 3 foot or better class when it becomes well established. The

falls are straight hanging showing their width of splendor beautifully yet without the slabsided effect of some of the straight-hung irises, there being just enough flare to avoid this appearance. The standards of deep red purple are held stiffly erect and even in the hottest sun showed no signs of collapse.

There is no other iris that this writer has sighted with this tone of dark red purple except Louis Bel and Louis is seldom much to look at except for its dark color, because of its pinched and skinny falls and its uncertainty as to height. Occasionally one sees a really fine flower but not often. With President Pilkington in the field there is no excuse left for Louis Bel. However, it will be some time before there is sufficient stock to put it in general circulation, although M. Cayeux has had it under cultivation for three years at the beginning of which he had five roots, parting with a single rhizome for American iris fanciers.

M. Cayeux wrote last year that it was a greatly improved Germaine Perthuis. This does not seem to the writer to be a happy comparison. While of better size and finish than Germaine, the color does not appear comparable as it is a much redder tone and notably darker. Holding the blooms side by side, Germaine seemed quite tame as to intensity, while in a clump by itself it is one of the really imposing modern irises.

The one fault of this magnificent newcomer is that the stem is not so well branched as it might be.

Député Nomblot is a huge red-toned iris of great height with a magnificently branched stem, something of the color tone of Dauntless although not as rich a red. It is one of the finest things Cayeux has sent out. It quite dwarfed Vert Galant, the French Dykes medal winner of last year, blooming near it. Just why Vert Galant was awarded the Dykes medal is a mystery on its showing here. It must have won on its shape for its trim form, to me, was its best quality. It has rich red tones, somewhat darker than Nomblot but the falls for half their length are conspicuously veined on a white ground, destroying the effect of the flower.

The verdicts of juries, as is well known, cause even the most orthodox and faithful churchgoing lawyers to question the omniscience of deity and iris juries are no different. Juries are juries. One is comparing superlatives in these Cayeux irises and Vert Galant is a very fine thing although by no means as fine as some of Cayeux's output in this writer's opinion.

We are accustomed in this part of the country to look forward to the new Cayeux introductions for new wonders, and seldom are disappointed. The 1929 set, however, has nothing as outstanding as *Pluie d'Or*, the finest rich yellow iris yet put out, which developed surprisingly fine height, size and branching this year even over its last year's form, which far surpassed any yellow yet seen. It was more than 40 inches tall this year and made a wonderful showing, although the yellow did not seem as deep as last year. It is a true deep yellow, nevertheless, and was far larger than last year when it was no bigger than *Gold Imperial* and very similar except as to height and branching. This year it developed much more distinctive characteristics.

Hernani, reported by M. Cayeux as the reddest iris he has put into commerce, failed to bloom, but *Numa Roumestan*, which last year proved to be the reddest iris that has appeared in this section, took on new magnificence this year with added height and size and its rich red tones make it one of the truly outstanding irises. The height it developed this year was quite unexpected on last year's showing and so was the size of the bloom. It is difficult to form any judgment on the first blooming of a newly imported iris as to height and size consequently we were given many surprises in the development of the last year Cayeux set.

*Helios*, for which I did not care much last year, developed into a very fine upstanding pale yellow of size and height with the veining of the falls much less conspicuous. It is, as reported, a bigger edition of *Careanet*. It will be a fine note in the garden.

Another development from a small flowered, short stemmed iris as it bloomed last year, notable alone for its unusual and beautiful color, was Mrs. Dykes' *Zaharoon* which proved one of the finest things on view this year, 40 inches in height and developing flowers double its last year's size. This is an iris of exceptional beauty in buff pink tones. It has been compared to *Midgard* but holding a bloom of *Midgard* beside *Zaharoon* shows it to be quite distinct from Sass' beautiful iris. It is a larger flower and taller than *Midgard*.

It was blooming in a direct line with *Marquissette* at Freeport and viewing it against a large clump of *Marquissette* it picked up the exquisite pink tones of the latter distinctly and is, perhaps, a better iris. The newly opened flower is rather deep toned but fades speedily so that it has the curious appearance of two blooms of entirely different color on the same stalk. This is regarded as a

fault by some, although I found it interesting. The paler tones seemed to me the more beautiful and in these more mature flowers the likeness to Marquissette was closest.

Mrs. Dykes' Rahdi is a flower of curious coloring, a Moonlight with rosy brown purple tinted falls, horizontal. There is a little of this color in Moonlight. The standards are a French gray. Moonlight always seemed to me to be in need of laundering and Rahdi is more so. However, it attracted considerable admiration and is an iris of most unusual coloring and fine size and form. Fortunately, we do not all see with the same eye and Rahdi commands admirers and medals. Far be it from me to be didactic or overpositive about color, being of peaceful disposition and not caring for wrangles; one hears enough debating at an iris gathering without contributing anything.

Yves Lassailly, a new type from Cayeux last year, we saw this year in a good block and full bloom although not making its normal 4 foot height as compared with last year's stalk. It is also a debatable iris, some liking it and others not caring about it. I have been in two minds about it, sometimes admiring it greatly and at other times catching it in a dull light, not admiring it so much. It has snow white standards, stiffly horizontal falls tinted pale blue with rather heavy brown reticulations in the throat. It is an iris of great size and distinction.

Mrs. Silas B. Waters, of Cincinnati, who, with the writer, again served as judges of the Freeport show, no one having threatened us last year and discreetly leaving town after the judging, which every judge of discretion ought to do, suggested that planted with Sensation the blue tone of the falls would be enhanced and brought out. It seems to me that it would be a fascinating combination.

Sensation in a big block still reigns as the kingpin of the cornflower blues. Nothing has appeared hereabouts to compete with it.

Cayeux has a new pink of the Marquissette series that is much admired. This is Frivolité. His irises seem to run in series. This is a much deeper toned pink than Marquissette, almost a rose, the falls deeper than the standards, of Marquissette style of growth and form. It is a beautiful bit of color. Some like it better than Marquissette but I believe I prefer the pinker Marquissette. The falls of Frivolité are veined.

Évolution is of the Anne Marie Cayeux series, in coloring a Mme. Durrand of smooth texture with a dazzling iridescence in the

falls which M. Cayeux aptly describes as the color of a pigeon's breast. It is not as imposing as Mme. Durrand in stature or size and of deeper tones. It is a lovely flower.

Polichinelle is a striking flower of unusual color, the standards a gray with the falls a peculiar deep blue purple edged with gray.

Mme. Serouge is a fine dark red purple of size and height.

Unfortunately, even the great have their weak moments and there seems no very good excuse for the 1929 Painters' Art Shades which are highly unimportant. The most interesting that bloomed at Freeport was Nicholas Poussin with brilliant yellow standards and Jean Chevreau falls. Another tall yellow of Flutterby type but with deeper standards is a good garden iris. A rather commonplace blue and a commonplace variegata were others of this set, which is not so good as some of the previous offerings except in height. Many American gardeners could go out and pick up six *Ochracea* seedlings fully as good or even better.

Sir Michael, which I had found rather disappointing for the last two seasons, this year burst forth and showed what it really could do. It made a gorgeous patch of color with the brilliant blue of the standards contrasting beautifully with the deep velvet of the falls. It made more size and height than it has produced heretofore. The coloring always has been superb.

Another Britisher that seems to have taken out second papers after hanging around rather nonchalantly for several seasons was Peerless, the giant introduced by the late W. R. Dykes. I had seen an occasional bloom on this iris and a fine growth of tremendous leaves. Having been benevolently assimilated this year, it broke out all over itself with huge blooms and made a stunning patch in its red tones. The criticism of this iris is that the stalks are too short for the size of the blooms but when a block of it is in full flower it is something to see.

Nêne, the Cayeux giant, reputed the biggest flowered iris yet introduced and looking the part last year, had to yield the palm to Phryné for size this season. It was the first time I had ever seen this unusual iris hold up a bloom so that it could be seen. It had always resembled a derby hat that some one had just sat on. This season it held up its standards gallantly and showed its tremendous size. It is a pink toned giant for those who are deeply impressed with size in an iris. It is an excellent astonisher to replace Magnifica, which used to serve that purpose in the garden, but it is of finer color.

Nêne was deeper colored this year and more attractive. It is similar in coloring to Peerless but the latter is the better tone, much more translucent and clear of color. Peerless ran third as to size. Nêne is much taller and another iris useful as an astonisher as to the size that is possible in an iris. This Cayeux giant is of notably fine clean cut form and of very firm and durable texture.

Having looked over the foreign visitors, one can with the greatest satisfaction turn to a great array of American beauties on view this year of equal quality with the French and English introductions, with the exception of a few of Cayeux's more outstanding irises.

American irises are approaching supremacy in the realm of rich and brilliant coloring and in delicate blends. The foreign irises show Dominion race influence to a great degree and with it the dulled coloring that so often goes with Dominion parentage, particularly with Cardinal and Bruno.

Dr. Loomis, whose Blue Velvet of last year seems the superlative of depth and brilliancy in Dominion blue, this year had the most gorgeous bit of color on the red side seen at Freeport, a King Tut done in Dominion style although Sass's brilliant iris is one of the best bits of bright color in the garden in iris time. Add height, size and branching to King Tut with Dominion form and you have the new seedling shown with a group of seedlings of the most uniformly high quality it has ever been this writer's good fortune to see at once. Dr. Loomis evidently is doing remarkable work with seedlings judging by his samples. This seedling, shown as No. G 6 is (Trojana  $\times$  Yellow seedling)  $\times$  Bruno.

This was not exhibited in the seedling class at the show but another gorgeous seedling, a rich velvety dark red purple self, was shown. This was a Sherbert  $\times$  Dominion seedling and, so far as the points of an iris go, it seems to approach perfection. A brilliant gold beard, of much the same character as enlivens Grace Sturtevant, was a fine feature of this seedling, which was more than three feet high with an ideally branched stem.

Although the judges questioned whether they would be regarded as accredited or discredited judges by the American Iris Society, they took the liberty of recommending this iris for an honorable mention and applying the seedling point score table as severely as possible could not rate it at less than 92. As a matter of fact the

figures were better than that at first summing up. It was a hard task to find discounts. The intensity of coloring was a commanding feature.

Dr. Loomis also had in his set of seedlings under test a yellow which bids fair to give *Pluie d'Or* a close race. It remains to be seen what height it will make when fully established. It was close to three feet. It is a larger and better finished flower than *Pluie d'Or* with nearly the same depth of color, deeper than *Amber* but not so deep as *Gold Imperial*.

The breeding of this yellow is (Mrs. Neubronner  $\times$  (Trojana  $\times$  Argentina).) An excellent warm white, a very dark blue purple, —(Lent A  $\times$  Alcazar)  $\times$  Gaudichau), a tall rose and pink blend, and other dark, rich red toned seedlings of distinction made up the remainder of the group which excited much attention among show visitors.

An iris that everybody will want is *Rameses*, a new H. P. Sass seedling, that looks like the finest thing yet sent out among the many fine Sass introductions. This is a larger and much yellower *Midgard*, to give some idea of its appearance. It is also taller than *Midgard* and an exquisite iris. It is one of a series of much the same general color scheme including Miss Sturtevant's imposing *Cameliard*; Millet's *Henri Rivière*, a wonderfully fine iris; Mr. Morrison's *Honeydrop*, and Cayeux's famous *Claude Aureau*.

Of these *Henri Rivière* has the purest yellow standards, a clear canary; *Claude Aureau* has the finest falls, a rich red, and the others are betwixt and between in degrees of pinkness and yellowness in combinations. Mr. Morrison's *Honeydrop* has more red in the standards than the others. *Rameses* has the most beautiful rose tints on the yellow ground of the standards with beautiful rose tinted falls. Miss Sturtevant's *Cameliard* and *Henri Rivière* are the tallest. *Rameses* is the shortest of the lot but by no means a dwarf, as it is close to three feet if not all of that at a guess. Some day I shall take a yard stick to a show with me to be sure about these details. Taken by and large, *Rameses* and *Henri Rivière* have the finest color combinations although I could be quite happy with *Cameliard*.

Miss Sturtevant says she does not like the color of this iris and Mr. Sturtevant has complained that it reminds him of one of these sheiks with a patent leather haircut. At first opening I do not care so much for *Cameliard*'s color but when fully mature some of



the raw tints fade out and it is a beautiful thing. Even if Miss Sturtevant doesn't like it, nearly everybody else does and it attracted much enthusiasm.

As to the sheik haircut effect, it didn't appear at Freeport as it had a rather tousled effect that I liked.

These new type variegatas, if such they may be called, were forecast by M. Cornuault, Belisaire, and M. Arnal and are real additions giving a new and beautiful color note of height and great size to the garden. Claude Aureau, unfortunately, refused to bloom this year, as did Dauntless, consequently many interesting comparisons were lost.

Pink Satin, the new Sass super pink, bloomed superbly. It is a matter of great regret that the writer so far has been unable to accept the invitation extended to him a few seasons ago by Mr. Jacob Sass to visit his iris farm. However, a family delegation served as proxy this year and came back filled with enthusiasm, as do all visitors, for the many beautiful seedlings on view and especially the famous series of pinks, of which Pink Satin is now the foremost representative. I have no doubt that a visit to Mr. Jacob Sass would be a joyous event, even if he were breeding oats instead of irises and showed the new oat plants, as he is one of the real characters of the iris world.

I learn that I have a debate as to the pinkness of his pinks due to a remark in the Freeport review in the BULLETIN last year that Pink Satin would not displace Dream. Mr. Sass also has sent along a pink seedling to plant with Dream to confound me and I am waiting to be confounded.

Comparing a pink iris with the pinkness of Dream I regard as a compliment to the iris in question. With witnesses this year I gathered blooms of Dream and placed them in the clump of Pink Satin and at a distance and close at hand the quality of pink seems to be identical. Pink Satin, however, is a far larger and finer flower than Dream. There is no question or debate about that, but I am still unconvinced that it is any pinker than Dream, which still holds up as a first class pink.

When I want to see an iris that is really pinker I look at Marquissette or perchance Caroline E. Stringer, although the latter is pale. A sister seedling of Pink Satin, in bloom again this year, seemed to me to be an iris of finer form even than Pink Satin, although not so pink. It is of the same lilac pink tone as Cayeux's

Thais but I think a better iris, having a finer stem and better placement as well as finer form to the flowers. If memory serves correctly this is Seedling 1928-11.

Several seedlings from the Sass farms were in bloom and were beauties, one that I recall as 29 1/2 was a fine pink blend. But I have admired and this year it seemed better than last year, an intense Gaudichau purple which is a fast color and doesn't put on a kitchen dress as does the Mme. at times when you least want her to appear dowdy.

There is high praise for a white seedling seen on Mr. Jacob Sass's farm which rejoices in an Indian name that sounds like "Warm Biscuit." As I have not found anybody to spell it I am forced to give what it sounds like. This white is said to be one of the finest yet produced. There is also a large pale yellow that has received warm praise.

Something I want to see most of all is a reputed improvement on Blue Velvet. According to family report, this new iris was blooming near Blue Velvet and was much superior. Seeing is believing. Fresh from gazing on the beauty of Blue Velvet, my imagination won't stand the tax of trying to imagine a better one. All the lyrics showered on Blue Velvet last year are again justified.

The Sass intermediates are of great interest and something to which I am looking forward. Next year the Sass family is threatened with a personal invasion of some more of the writer's family.

This year I saw Dr. Kirkland's seedlings which did not function in time last year, Mary Elizabeth, reputed the most fascinating of the group, alone not being in bloom. I was much taken with Blue Banner. This is something I have been looking for—the blue tones of Chester J. Hunt in a good iris. This one should prove a garden iris of rare value. It has B. Y. Morrison markings in the blue being deeper on the falls with a wide pale blue margin.

Morning Glory and Andrew Jackson are handsome dark bicolors.

Mrs. Rowell's Grand Monarch, a big smoky red of Alcazar form, which I thought last year one of the finest American seedlings shown at Freeport, bloomed in magnificent form this year. Mrs. Rowell had another very attractive seedling, Capt. Courageous, of subtle blended coloring, the closest comparison I could make to it being a glorified Steepway.

Mount Royal, a rich velvety purple, is a really fine thing, a big stunning flower of imposing stature and poise with rich coloring.

Dr. Ayres' Persia and Indian Chief were in better form than last year, Persia showing more character in the standards which last year were so dull that I thought they marred the flower. Indian Chief is a beauty, a big red toned iris that I liked better than Dauntless last year but Dauntless was obstinate this year, so I couldn't get another look.

Mr. Morrison's new one, Cockatoo, blooming in my own garden and at Freeport, proved to be a yellow of unusually fine quality and depth of color. It is a real addition and a most graceful flower of good height and branching. It is as finely colored as Pluie d'Or but nothing like its stature which makes the Cayeux yellow so imposing and startling.

Petruchio from Mr. Morrison is a stunning dark bicolor of great size and brilliance. The crimson toned velvety falls give a fine color note. Like most of Mr. Morrison's seedlings, it is a rampant grower. One of his yellow plicatas has made a graceful garden group. Cockatoo is really a yellow plicata but nobody would know it until they were told and looked closely, when the deeper yellow plicata pattern can be detected by an expert eye. It is a very fine yellow and also a very fast increaser.

The California whites, Purissima and Shasta, still show signs of tenderness in northern Illinois. Purissima bloomed in fine form this year after being wintered under a frame. It is worth the trouble.

Gardens visited in iris-time showed a marked increase in the fine arrangement of other perennials with the irises. One of the most notable and unusual of these was the use of a large group of Phoenician mullein in the shade as a background to iris groups in the sun just outside the shadow. The violet, rose, and white spires of this plant make a striking background. This was employed by Mr. Jacob Sass in quantity in his garden and I noted it in several other gardens.

The free use of some of the hemerocallis and oriental poppies was also noted with meadow rue and columbines lavishly planted.

The Siberian irises suffered from the dry spring and made poor height. The shows had not the usual display of this fine type which is an ideal material for cutting.

The little iris triuspis, somewhat suggestive of a miniature Siberian, was noted as an attractive rock garden decoration at the base of the rocks.

## SEEN IN PASSING

THURA TRUAX HIRES

“In a green valley, nested soft in trees,  
All blossom sweet with spring-tide’s burgeoning bloom  
The fair days pass—”

But, alas! fair days were not to be—for the heavens opened wide their gates and the rain—o’er long sleeping—descended. Long had I looked forward to a visit to Nashville’s iris gardens, each returning spring bringing some good reason why, that year it could not be. So, with far less regret than usual at leaving my springtime garden, I started forth the first week in May on what was to be a long iris pilgrimage.

Leaving the garden with the daffodils waving a gay greeting to the tulips, while the dogwood unfolded creamy bloom above its soft primrose carpet, new beauties were disclosed in the woodlands as the train threaded its way south. To how many of us, I wonder, comes the thought of sometime, somewhere, jumping from a car window to chase some elusive beauty. It came to me first in a far distant childhood while following the Columbia River as it wound slowly through the Wenatchee Valley, nor was it the aesthetic beauty of the snow-capped Cascades nor yet the blended colors of the wild flowers that called forth that impulse, but the apple trees bent low with luscious fruit. More recently it was the sight of a white versicolor in a wide patch of blue not far from a station in northern Missouri, the name of which was carefully noted in the hope of again coming that way. This time it was caused by passing through Takoma Park and I feel certain only the realization that Mr. Morrison’s seedlings would not yet be in bloom prevented the attempt. For where would I find more lovely irises than these I had watched through two seasons?

Due to the fact that a transportation manager made a mistake and had reservations for me to Louisville instead of Cincinnati, I owe one of the most delightful visits along the way as, finding there would be about two hours between connections, I telephoned Dr. Grant with whom I have had pleasant iris and peony correspon-

dence for several years. He suggested a visit to the garden of Mrs. Gernert, where Mrs. Grant shortly joined me. This garden is on a hillside and the irises are grown to perfection. Mrs. Gernert has shown discriminating taste in the irises she chooses to grow and has planted them with the vision of an artist. One of the most restful spots is the water garden in a secluded corner, where a small rock garden spills down to the brink on one side, and on the others the beardless irises sway, enchanted with their beauty reflected in its depth. A much larger rock garden is being built on another slope and already holds promise of great beauty in seasons to come. There was time for a hurried visit to the Grants' town garden before going to the station. Most of the irises had been moved to the country place, about half an hour's drive from the city, but a few of the newer varieties were giving splendid bloom here.

Leaving Louisville we continued for a time through the rolling blue grass section of Kentucky. Near Bowling Green the rugged contour of the land passed to the high terraces of Tennessee. The way wound past wooded hills at whose feet tumbling streams sing through drowsy spring days. Later, when driving with Chancellor Kirkland and Mr. Connell to Lexington, I was to drink more deeply of the beauty of that fair land and to understand why it has been called the "Garden of Kentucky" since the first pioneers crossed the mountains to establish homes in that vast wilderness then known as "Kentuck."

At Nashville Mr. Connell said "the irises are nearly gone" and my high expectations began to wane. What had I done—or left undone—that the imps of spring should serve such a bitter potion for my quaffing? In other years the irises had been at their best about the tenth of May—but who can follow the whims of a flower when south winds whisper?

Going to the garden we found Dauntless standing proudly by the entrance as though aware of the honor so recently bestowed. It was as fine as when first seen in Dr. Ayres' garden four seasons ago, but not so glorious as I was to find it in Mrs. Kellogg's Connecticut garden, where perfect blooms, poised on forty-inch stalks, commanded the admiration of all garden visitors. Of glowing color, it is one of the irises best seen in the full light of the mid-day sun. Twilight dims its beauty. Selene, Mr. Connell's fine white, had folded its petals and joined its sisters to dream away the hours

till its next flowering, while nearby *Nepenthe* lingered, loathe to leave so fair a world. *Nepenthe*—woven of sea-mist, moon magic and the soft blue of summer skies! You are an iris at whose christening the fairies must have danced! A *Circe* among irises its ethereal beauty would charm the hardened skeptic. *Aubade*, so named as its last bloom faded, is a more gay loveliness, the soft coloring of dawn light intermingled with the gold of the morning star seeming to echo the dawn song. *Alcina* is a tall, stately red toned iris that should prove of great value in a landscape planting as well as when used in small clumps in the garden.

The Nashville Flower Show was on when I arrived so that was one of the first ports of call. The irises were not in very good condition, as the season had been so early, but one among the tall bearded was quite outstanding. Indeed, it is one of the most stunning in color I have seen this year—or any year. It was so lovely we returned to it several times, going the following day to see it in its home garden where it stood out among hundreds of seedlings. It is tall, the bloom well placed on a nice stalk. In color it strikes a new note, being a self of light Ochraceous Salmon, which should intrigue one planning for color in the garden. A seedling raised by Mrs. E. C. Stahlman and Mr. T. A. Washington, it is to be registered under the name "*Mary Geddes*," having received an H. M. Mr. Washington is quite interested in our native irises, having the best private collection I have seen. Several of these seedlings were the center of interest at the show, and later in the week we gave H. M.'s to two in the garden. One of these was a lovely deep red from a hexagona cross, while the other was a clear pink, one of half a dozen pinks resulting from hybridizing *Dorothea K. Williamson*. These pinks were all quite tall, though not so tall as the red, which was three feet or more. Both have nice, strong stalks, the bloom well held above the foliage. Mr. Washington has made rapid strides in his work with these species and I prophesy many fine seedlings will find their way to our gardens from his interest in this line of hybridizing. He has used a splendid tall form of hexagona, known locally as "*Miss Priscilla*" and has seedlings of varying hues of blue, as well as several reds.

A part of the two following days was spent at Dr. Kirkland's. I had been looking forward to seeing *Desert Gold*, so one of the two great disappointments of the trip was to find it had finished

blooming. The other was not to see Dr. Ayres' seedlings as they had passed before we reached Cincinnati two weeks later. Desert Gold is but one of the fine irises Dr. Kirkland is giving our gardens. Rarely beautiful is Summer Cloud with the grey of the clouds against the blue of the skies. A smoothly finished flower of perfect form, I feel it will long hold an honored place in the iris world already overpopulated with blue. Hermitage, an old rose blend with the bloom of ripening grapes upon its falls, is an enthralling beauty. In color it is quite distinct from anything I know, while its form and height approaches perfection. After laboriously thumbing the pages, we Ridgewayed it—Liseran Purple, Dahlia Carmine, dark Brick Red, light Cadmium Yellow, Purplish Vinaceous, Fawn, Wood Brown, Olive Buff—these a few of the names attached!—like the colored papers to the tail of a kite. Such a burden on its defenseless head! Ridgway is my pet *bete noire*; what color chart, no matter how fine, could name the glamorous colors we find in the modern iris. Still—the powers that be have said we must chart for official record and, as Hermitage was to have Honorable Mention, we could only obey. Thistles—not roses—carpet the pathway of judges! Then there was Black Wings—alias Satan—alias Prince of Darkness. The last name—wonderfully appropriate—could not be used (by order of other powers!), so Satan was substituted, in turn giving place to Black Wings. Not being numbered among those having a “prejudice against his Satanic Majesty” I confess to a preference for Satan, though Black Wings is sufficiently fitting, as the flaring falls give a decidedly black appearance. Several other seedlings, of which I heard glowing reports, had finished blooming, but some day, somewhere, I hope to make their acquaintance.

For eight days it rained! Not gentle, springtime showers so refreshing to the gardens, but beating torrents that lashed the bloom (and our dispositions!); turned paths to rivulets and veiled from our sight the high hills forming the rim about Nashville's green valley. Neither wind nor rain—though they beat and drench too solid flesh—can daunt the spirits of vagabonds, so we roamed about old gardens and planned new ones on high hill-tops until the day before that set for the annual meeting when, with the sun shining, we started for Lexington. Having been familiar with the north woods of Minnesota and those of Washington, it was a great

treat to see the growth in northern Tennessee. Never had I seen finer elms, tulip poplars and walnut, splendid specimens dotting the rolling hills of Kentucky where the land had been cleared, making way for stock farms. Along the way strawberry pickers and tobacco planters seemed making play of toil, while between Louisville and Lexington the crop lands gave place to paddocks beautifully kept. At Lexington we made a rush for Dr. Scott's garden hoping to see his seedlings while yet there was light. Most had passed to rest but there were some very fine things still blooming and we took hurried notes fearing rains might fall before another dawn. But, fortunately, that had been left behind and all the hours were sunny for the Annual Meeting. It was one of the most pleasant we have had. May our twentieth reunion be as joyous, though, by then, many of us may have resorted to wheel-chairs, rolling beds, canes or whatnots! The season had been such a queer one with unseasonable heat, freezes and drought, that the show had been called off for which I—for one—was glad, for how can one—when there is a show—have time for visits and garden and iris gossip with friends. Far nicer is it to while away happy hours in pleasant gardens with friends one has not seen for months—or years! And so the hours of those two days sped all too quickly, the morning following the meeting finding Mrs. Peckham, Dr. Scott, Mr. Williamson, Dr. Kinsey, Anson Peckham and myself off for Bluffton and the Williamson seedlings. What a trip! Stopping at Cincinnati we saw the last bloom of a few of Mr. Phillips' seedlings and then had a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Weiskoff's charming garden. Then to Mrs. Taft's to see what might be left blooming among Mr. Wareham's seedlings. There had been two splendid yellows earlier in the season, Mr. Phillips told us, but they were gone. However, I was glad again to see the fine yellow I had seen three years before and to decide it was as good as I recalled, still the best I had seen. The new ones are better, we are told. We then made a hurried visit to Mrs. Emigholz's garden. She was at the flower show so we missed enjoying her keen comments about the new varieties, but Robert was at home to pilot us about. Here, too, it was too late to see the irises at their best and, as we had a long drive ahead, we could not linger. From the high hills of Tennessee and the meadows and lower hills of Kentucky and Ohio to the prairie land of Indiana was rather a sudden



change. Along the roadway, in many farmyards, we saw great masses of *Flavescens* showing just how fine it can be in landscape work. In Kentucky we had seen *Honorabile* used in the same way and—from a distance—surely the standards do make a rich bit of color!

It was a dusty band of pilgrims who finally descended at the Williamson portal, having weathered wind, rain and slow moving cars. There were still two hours of daylight. We had time to see the seedlings marked during the past two years for further observation and some of the 1930 introductions. Of the latter I think *Rasakura* the finest. A bright, glowing red beauty it dominated the garden and showed what possibilities it has as a landscape variety. So often these rich, velvety irises are deadly when massed, but this, I believe, will not prove true of *Rasakura*. It throws out deep, glowing light thus holding true to its name which means "rays of the sun." Just beyond was a lovely blend, very bright, which had caught Dr. Kinsey's and my eyes before we entered the garden. On either side of it were blue-purple smothering its beauty. This was marked for naming. There was, too, a very fine deep cherry toned self which is to be called *Cherry Ripe*. *Sandakan*, with smoky tan standards and rosy falls, is lovely and this we noted to be planted with *Mme. Cheri* and *Vesper Gold*, or possibly *King Karl*. *Gay Hussar* was gay indeed, the brightest thing about the garden. It will need much care in planting. Not for it a subtle color planning—rather a crash of timbrels and roll of drums to lead a procession to the edge of some woodland. Planted near yews it would be stunning, or it might be placed near a purple leaved plum. *Opaline* was still in bloom, as beautiful in the sun as it had been two years ago when we waded through Indiana mud, drenched with rain, to watch its unfolding. Then it seemed a lambent beauty but now, touched by the golden blaze, it glowed in gorgeous loveliness of roseflame, nacre and amber. The following morning we had time again to look at these varieties before going to the gardens where the seedlings for 1931 and 1932 judging are growing. Among the latter some lovely blends and variegatas hold much promise for the future. There was an encouraging yellow, deep in tone, blooming for the first time. It is of heavy substance and nice form and should be one of the interesting things in the 1931 garden. Late in the afternoon, having in

the meanwhile spent several hours in Mr. Mead's garden at Fort Wayne, we visited the commercial garden. Here I met and fell under the spell of *Nathalis*. Possibly it had been seen before but, if so, my eyes must have been sadly tired before reaching it. In a mass planting, with thousands of flowers in bloom, it was startling in its loveliness and should be one of the really great landscape irises. I want to grow it in large clumps, interplanted with yellows of varying height, in the shrubbery border about the iris garden, hoping it will weave the same spell for others it did for me. As it is very free flowering, with many blooms to a stalk, it should carry on over a long season. *Silver Ribbon* showed quite a lovely pink tone and should be pleasing, planted with *Simplicity*. *Cantabile* is a clean amoena, the pure white standards having great substance. Mr. Williamson certainly has set a high standard for others to strive to reach in sending out two such amoenas as *Cantabile* and *Dorothy Dietz*. The latter is the best I have seen, of large size, form and carriage. Then there were *Beau Sabreur* and *Cadenza*, the latter a lovely pink toned blend. I made a note to try the *Beau with Delight*, feeling the light airy grace of the latter might prove the perfect foil for its very rich color.

At Mr. Mead's we found the irises trying to hold a garden party in a season that had left them rather sad. The quantity of bloom was as great, but the quality not so good as in former seasons. *King Midas* was seen in splendid form and is—to me—the most interesting of Mr. Mead's seedlings. *Ion*, which was so good when seen two years ago after two days of beating rain, was hardly recognizable this season. The same thing was true of *Charles Lindbergh* and shows what a great effect unseasonable weather in the first spring months does have on the irises. Of the newer varieties from the other side of the waters *Yves Lassailly*, *Helios*, *Anne Marie Cayeux*, *Evolution*, *Fra Angelico* and *Pluie d'Or* were the only ones to interest me greatly. *Fra Angelico* I had noted before, during a hurried visit to the same garden, as a lovely blend of golden tan and blue lavender. In Mr. Williamson's garden that morning I had marked several for further observation that might have been twin sisters. The development of these seedlings will be watched with great interest. *Anne Marie Cayeux* is a lovely flower, in coloring as elusive as the fragments of a dream, and should have a great future. *Evolution* is another of these blends, deeper in tone than *Fra Angelico*. *Yves Lassailly* was a beauty and will undoubtedly

be much better when established. The plant was small but the blooms were an exquisite blending of white and soft blue. Helios I noted as being lighter than Pluie d'Or in color but a larger iris of different form. Pluie d'Or has a depth of color to be found in no other new yellow, with the exception of Coronation, but the falls were narrow and the size not good. Of course, this plant was not well established; another year will find it taller with much better form. It is an airy, graceful bloom on tall, rather slender stalks, that are far more appealing than the heavy rigid stalks. The blooms of Helios were of good form and size, nicely placed on a well branched stalk. There were a few faint lines in the falls but instead of detracting, they lent distinction to its beauty.

Returning to Lexington with Dr. Scott I had two days with Mrs. Carter who has been building a new garden. Nowhere have I found one so well established in such a short time. To give up a garden with which one has lived for many years, and to build anew, requires much courage. All growing things seem to sense her love for them; they "live for her" and now lilacs and mock-oranges, viburnums and deutzias are giving a wealth of bloom and fragrance on what, two years ago, was a barren hillside, while the friendly garden has an air of having been there through the ages. Here, on the day of the annual meeting, we found a fine white orientalis seedling, the best white we had seen. It was awarded Honorable Mention.

But irises wait not upon the pleasure of mere humans so I reluctantly left my friend and her lovely garden to hurry along to New Haven and the Bridgeport show. At New Haven it was raining so we could only press our noses against the windows of the sun room to gaze and gaze, wondering whether Mr. Wallace would save his bloom for the show the following day. The Wallace garden is a good example of what can be done with a city lot when one has the vision. It is one of line and color, the irises having been planted, with great feeling for their color value, in undulating drifts in front of the shrubbery that encloses the garden from the neighboring places. Here was a nice clump of Rose Valley, the lovely pink-toned white from Mrs. Scott's garden. Balduin and Mount Royal were outstanding in the darker group, showing they were varieties for rain as well as sun.

There were fine specimen irises in the show, and one wondered what they might have been had the weather been kind. Never have

I seen such tall, shapely stalks as were shown by Mrs. Demarest. I think even Mr. Donahue—to whose garden we always turn as an example of how irises can be grown—would have to yield the sceptre to her. A stalk of Elsinore was the surprise of the show! In several gardens it had been very pretty but in the show it was breathtaking in its beauty, gleaming like golden tapers under the artificial light. Placed in dull grey pottery in an amber lighted room it should make a stunning picture. From being just a pretty iris which I was content to let stay in another garden than mine—it has become the one I most covet!

The morning following the show Mr. and Mrs. Wallace took Mrs. Nesmith and myself to see Mrs. Kellogg and her garden. And what beauties! In watching the last bloom fade at Nashville Mr. Cornell and I had breathed sighs of relief that the season was over. Here I found myself rushing about as madly as ever entirely forgetting that ten days before I had said I did not want to see an iris—for another year. Growing irises is only one of the interesting things Mrs. Kellogg does and I found the hours too short, but trains have a way of ignoring laggards so I had to hurry to take note of varieties new to me. That Blue Velvet was not in bloom was the third disappointment! A fine stalk with several buds held forth promise of bloom a few days hence, but that day would find me in my own garden with no chance of seeing it. There were many other beauties, some of which I had known as unnamed seedlings, and others entirely new. Grand Monarch I had seen before and liked. This I want to see as a well established plant as so far only single stalks have been seen. It is a flower of heavy substance and nice form which undoubtedly will be taller when established. Honeydrop was in bloom but on a young plant, so I reserved judgment for another season. Knowing what Mr. Morrison has in his seedling beds and the fine quality of his seedlings of the last two years, I expect to see it much better when it has lived “over the garden wall” another year. Dauntless, Nepenthe and Hypnos were in fine fettle. Both Dauntless and Nepenthe were much better than in their home garden, while Hypnos was making a splendid show. This has been one of my favorites for the past two years and I was glad to note that other garden visitors liked it. Tall, with well branched stalks, it gives a pleasing effect in the garden. Brighter than Steepway, of different form and smoother finish, it is an iris that will take a rightful place among the most desirable blends.

Before the Wallaces returned to New Haven Prof. Hill drifted in from Providence bringing with him a stalk of one of his seedlings he wanted to check against some of the new things. A rich red violet self with heavy texture of great smoothness, the falls quite horizontal, it is entirely distinct from anything with which we were familiar, so we gave it an H. M. It is to be named Abora.

Leaving Hartford in mid-afternoon I arrived home too late to see the irises that evening, but learned they were in full bloom. How thankful I was for the cool days as I had not expected to see the home irises this year! Too, we were having an added pleasure as Col. Nicholls was arriving the next afternoon. Early morning found much trimming done for their visitor and this gave a good opportunity to see what was blooming. Tuscany Gold and Blue Velvet had no bloom stalks, so again—gloom! Nor had Shasta bloomed, though last year it was exceptionally beautiful. San Francisco, Los Angeles and Purissima, while looking in good condition, decided to develop rhizomes—not flowers—but there was a lovely blend, a seedling sent by Prof. Mitchell for trial. This continued to be one of the outstanding irises in the garden, all visitors thinking it of great promise. Another was 28-12 from Jacob Sass. This is one of his pinks and is, as I recall, a sister seedling to Pink Satin. If Pink Satin is better than this seedling it must be a superfine iris, as this is the most gorgeous pink I have seen. It is a large flower of beautiful form and heavy substance. Quite tall, too, for a one year plant. Without a doubt, if all his new pinks measure up to this one, Mr. Sass has a series that will be hard to beat. Marquisette has an entirely different tone, with very pleasing carrying quality that, from a distance gives more nearly the effect of true pink than most do. It has now become well established and is giving much larger flowers. It is really quite distinct. Gleam, from Col. Nicholls, had become well established giving at least a dozen stalks on a two year clump, and shows garden value, as it is free flowering. In color it is a clear medium blue, the heavy gold beard supplying the needed note to give it distinction. Coronation bloomed and has the heaviest substance of any yellow I know. Add to that its clear, deep coloring, pleasing height and well formed flowers and here is a yellow greatly to be desired. While it has not been in the garden long enough to become well established, it seems to be hardy, increasing well, and I confidently look for it to be fool proof. Dolly Madison and Midgard still command more attention

than other blends, all garden visitors returning to them several times. I think another season will find Sonata receiving the same homage as, on a one year plant, it was one of the first to be noticed.

The most fascinating iris in Mrs. Lloyd's garden is Cameliard. Seeing it first two years ago I thought it had great possibilities for a hybridizer but the coloring of the blooms on a one stalk plant was not so pleasing. Seeing it again this season—not massed—with many blooms open at one time, showed it to be decidedly impressive and I feel it will lend color distinction to a subtle planting.

The show at Boston was most attractive and visitors showed keen interest, especially in some of the newer introductions. Two Honorable Mentions were given; one to a blend shown by Prof. Hill and the other to a pale yellow from Mr. Beaudry. The former was very tall, quite widely branched, the flowers being of deeper Afterglow coloring with stronger yellow tints. The Beaudry seedling was a smooth flower, deeper than *Flavescens* in color, of very heavy texture. The blooms are large, the falls straight hanging, the form being very pleasing. Airy Dream, Miss Sturtevant's charming pink, was one of the high lights. It is lighter than Susan Bliss, with ruffled standards and a white beard. Later at Miss Sturtevant's I saw it in the garden and noted it gave a lighter effect than Susan from a distance. This was due, I think, to a slight fading in the standards which is a part of its charm. Day Dream was at the show, vieing with Airy Dream for honors. This is one of the most beautiful of Miss Sturtevant's introductions, a distinctive blend that will become a favorite when more widely known. Then there was Nusku! This is a lovely blend, tall and stately. As it is one of Mrs. Nesmith's seedlings I had an opportunity to study it during the following week, finding it more appealing with the passing days and noting that it had substance withstanding beating rains. Her Highlight is a lovely low-growing yellow that will prove a gem for the front of a border. Mr. Donahue showed Liberty Bell, a very interesting plicata. It is quite distinct in form and lightly marked. It will probably prove of more value as an exhibition flower than in the garden as its markings are only close to the beard, so from a distance the effect is that of a white and there are whites of the same form with better branching. Pluie d'Or was the outstanding iris at the show. Mr. Donahue entered it in two classes, both stalks being of exceptional height for a yellow. The blooms are well placed on the branching stem. I was glad to see it here and to

note that in color it is deeper in effect than Coronation and deeper than the one at Mr. Mead's. If one could combine its color with the form and size of the Beaudry seedling!

In Miss Sturtevant's garden there were a number of fascinating blends blooming for the first time. In these the color tones intensify near the beard giving quite a different effect from other blends. Here, too, Jadu was seen for the first time. It is a lovely plicata, the standards pink flushed and slightly ruffled. The falls are white with a fainter pink flush, the edges of both standards and falls carrying the pink lines. Miss Edlmann has an interesting series in Gold Stream, Esterel and Dione. All are soft in color the orange beards giving a lovely glow to the flowers. Purissima had nearly finished blooming, only one flower remaining so it was difficult to judge its value for eastern gardens. I think it may prove better than Shasta as an exhibition flower but the latter would be my choice for garden use. But then I prefer Los Angeles to San Francisco and Chalice to Gold Imperial. Fortunately we do not all see alike!

Each season some variety is found that is so interesting, I wonder more comment has not been heard. This year it is Miss Sturtevant's Druid. It was the dominating clump in the commercial planting, a lovely golden tan and red iris, the flowers well placed on high branched stalks. For an accent note among lighter colors this should prove most enchanting.

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## SYMPOSIUM—NOTES

E. N. S. RINGUEBERG, M. D.

These notes are not criticisms! They are rather to be considered as an appreciation that the 1928 Symposium was a distinct advance over, and better than, the first in having the ratings for exhibition and garden values separate, representing more mature judgment based upon a longer and wider experience. The next, at whatever time it may be deemed expedient to get one out, will be better than the present, whether modeled along the same lines or incorporating some new ideas. But, undoubtedly, it will not be considered *perfect* after it is finished. We have reached an agreement,—with ourselves at least,—that the 1928 Symposium, at the time it was issued, was as near humanly perfect as the interest, or lack of collective interest, among the members of the A. I. S. per-

mitted it to be. It is a national trait of Americans to invoke their patron saint and say, "Let George do it." Unfortunately it is sometimes accompanied, or rather followed by, another generally more active and assertive trait, of kicking, after George has completed the task to the best of his ability. Let us consider, not what ought to have been done, but what ought to be done in the future, and be thankful that the foundation left for us to build on is as good as it is.

In the October bulletin a contributor under the *nom de plume* of "Digby Legard" gives voice to some ideas along similar lines of thought that I had expressed some time ago in a slightly different form, in correspondence with members of the A. I. S. My suggestions were not for *separate* regional symposia, both cumbersome and impractical, but was aimed at the inclusion of the regional idea along *with* the votes on rating. The same idea has probably found a partial and imperfect reflex in the published garden ratings. In the Spring of 1929 I wrote to a correspondent "upon reflection it does not seem just to a variety that does well and blossoms freely in a given locality to condemn it if it sulks and refuses to grow and blossom when we transfer it to a different and uncongenial environment not adapted to its needs. So the question of judging resolves itself into a regional and climatic one, and we may start with the assumption that an iris should be judged in its most favorable environment; any other view would involve the absurdity of a number of separate regional ratings." A little later Mr. Schreiner sent me his Master List Catalogue in which I found a remark to the effect that, "there should be some other way of indicating hardiness and not penalize the flower because placed in unfavorable environment." That prompted me to write to him expressing my hearty concurrence, quoting what I had previously said on the subject and giving a short outline of what I had already proposed as a possible solution. I proposed dividing the continent into at least three or more zones, or regional districts, as follows:—

Northern; to include all iris that have been found to be hardy without protection in the region from the New England States and extending westward throughout the northern U. S. and adjacent British possessions. All such iris to be designated as at present simply by the exhibition and garden rating 80; 80, examples; Aurea, Loreley. Those found to be hardy, but not blooming freely unless given a little extra care and protection in the Northern section to be designated by the letter *a* following the garden rating.



thus, 80; 80 *a*, examples: Anna Farr, Isoline. Southern; consisting of approximately the region from the latitude of Washington southward, including all iris that prove hardy in that section but require special care and extra protection if grown north of that section. Mark those 80; 80 *b*, examples: Caterina, Mme. Durrand. Californian; 80, 80 *c*; to take care of the dry, or as someone recently characterized it, "Volstead" group. Examples of which would be; *I. susiana*, *I. xiphium*. That some solution of the problem of regional classification is necessary, is becoming increasingly evident; especially if we consider the wide expanse of our continent with its almost infinite diversity of climate, soil, and altitude. The rating given an iris by the A. I. S. is of inestimable value as a guide to the relative excellence of that variety under more or less favorable conditions. But it does not tell where those conditions are to be found; nor if they have to be made artificially if it is desired to grow it successfully in a given region. The actual working out of the plan here proposed would not effect the garden rating unfavorably, as the present method sometimes does, since there would be no vote given by a grower residing in a region where growth and blossoms are not normal. He would simply place the letter *a* after the name to show that he had grown it but that growth was not normal. However, if by protection he had succeeded in getting normal bloom and felt justified in giving it the full value rating he would follow his garden rating by an *a* or *b* which, of course, would indicate that it had been protected. That method would involve practically no additional expense in getting out the symposium; also, no additional wear and tear on the brain of the juror, who may suffer much mental struggle and travail as to which of two irises is the most deserving of an extra point in rating; but he always can tell "right off the bat" which iris does not grow well in his garden. Such a combination of relative value and regional rating would be of great service to both the dealer and the buyer. It would enable the grower in the south to say to his customer in Vermont that certain iris roots included in the shipment sent, will do better if they have a little protection through the winter. This the buyer will appreciate, and the dealer stands less chance of losing a customer who might unjustly attribute unfavorable results to defective stock. It might be advisable before getting out the next symposium to get a line on the actual extent of the boundaries of the regional zones, by sending out a questionnaire to the mem-

bers as to what varieties have not grown well in their locality, and what, if any, of those grown have needed protection. I imagine that a line of demarcation could be plotted out from the answers, that in its curved contours would resemble the isothermal lines on some of our weather maps as they meander westward on their sinuous way across the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Comment by the Editor.*—A suggestion of regional symposia is, naturally, of interest and their development equally naturally rests upon the cooperation of the members. It would seem, however, that we were attempting to get results that were not practical in themselves. With comparatively few exceptions as to varieties it is not a matter of hardiness, at least as far as regards resistance to winter cold, but far more a matter of either inherited habits of growth, or exposure and soil in a given garden. For example, the winter growth of mesopotamica may be protected by a long period of cold or a good covering of snow or litter whereas to the southward alternations of temperature may prove fatal. Naturally each of its progeny will vary in so-called hardiness. On the other hand, Miss Sturtevant rarely fails in Massachusetts with the mesopotamica seedlings if they have a north exposure purely and simply because her soil is so well-drained—almost a pure gravel.

In other words, it would be probably wiser to indicate non-cold resisting parentage which would serve as a warning to all northern gardeners than to attempt to compile a list based on accumulated experience.

This indication might be continued to indicate variegata blood also as in at least Southern California few varieties with any amount of variegata blood are in any way satisfactory. Near Los Angeles a difference of a few thousand feet in elevation makes the difference between success and failure in variegata and yet no regional symposia would ever reveal this important difference.

Furthermore, each individual will continue to grow what is not recommended for his section (it is part of the joy of gardening) and each will remember one success far longer than a number of failures and will vote with that success in mind.

I sincerely hope that the interest of the members will permit some regional reports at least but their findings will only prove what they can do themselves in at least one part of their own garden.

## COLUMBUS IRIS SHOW

E. H. BRETSCHNEIDER

The Columbus Iris Society in co-operation with the American Iris Society held its ninth Iris show in the spacious automobile salesroom of the Walter B. Zimmerman Co., 552 E. Broad St., on May 17th and 18th with thirty-five exhibitors showing many of the newer varieties of Iris. A change in date, due to the unusual weather conditions, necessitated the change of one of the judges. Mrs. J. F. Emigholz, of Cincinnati, Ohio, substituting for Mrs. J. E. Hires, of Ardmore, Pa., with Dr. A. E. Waller, of Ohio State University, assisting in the judging of the Iris classes. Mr. Mark Russell, of the Columbus Art School, and Mrs. Frances G. Constable, landscape gardener, judged artistic arrangement of Irises. Mr. E. H. Bretschneider was manager of the show.

Entry to the showroom was made through a beautifully landscaped formal Iris Garden, which displayed the Iris in a natural setting, thereby creating interest in Iris as a definite factor in the perennial garden as well as the artistic placing of the various colors of Iris. The background of the garden was a stone wall with weeping willows and natural Wisteria drooping over the wall to soften the severity. The wall was made of beaver board finished at the ends with wooden columns—the whole covered with a plastic wall finish, tinted and modeled to represent stone. At one end of the garden, against a background of evergreens, flowering shrubs and Japanese maples, was a small pool and lead figure with a planting of Princess Beatrice, Shekinah, Cavalier and Dream. Entering the garden through beautiful wrought iron gates, one was impressed with the effectiveness of the Irises against the stone wall and against the iron fence, which surrounded the remaining sides of the garden. The whole created the idea of a lovely retreat.

The staging of the Iris garden was made possible by the use of pans covered with wire mesh, (The Iris Clump Pan), in which the Iris leaves and flowers were held firmly in place. After the flowers were arranged in pans to represent a garden clump, these

pans (clumps) were placed in the flower border and embedded in peat. *Thalictrum* was interspersed for contrast of foliage with an

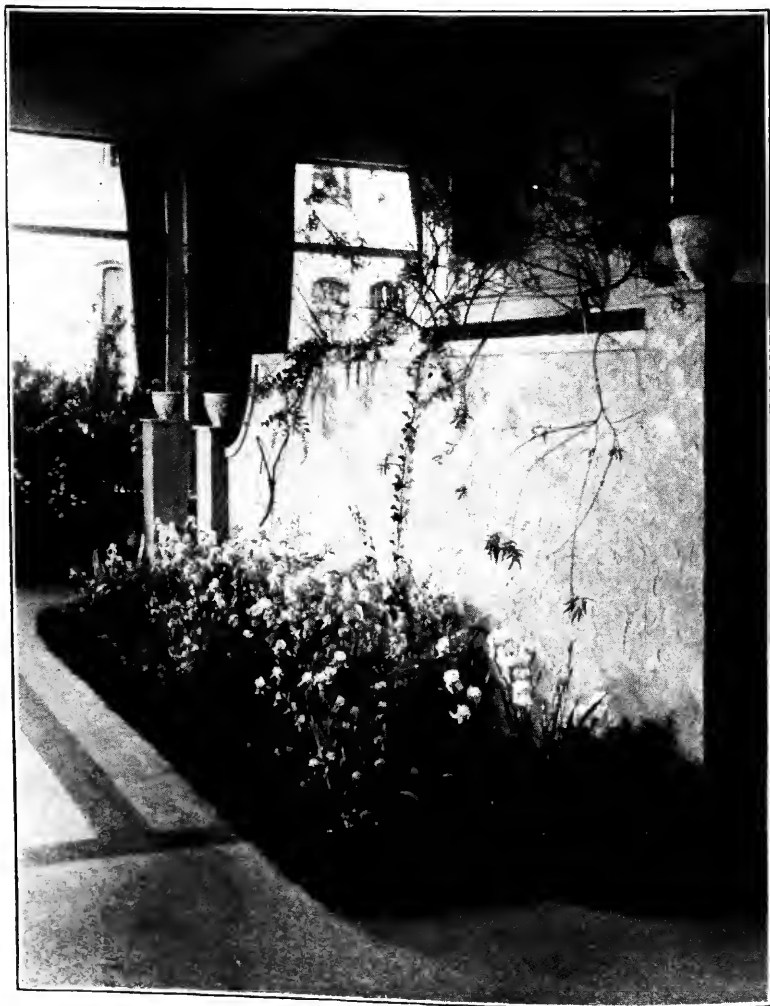


FIG. 4. Garden Wall. Columbus Iris Show—1930.

edging of yellow violas and sweet alyssum. Strips of sod were used to finish the edges of the border. Garden benches, blue pottery vases and lead tubs filled with Boxwood specimens added

greatly to the formal setting. A Rock Garden and Lily Pool were used as points of interest to be seen beyond the formal garden. The classes of Iris were staged against a background of evergreens.

The *Oncocyclus Susiana* exhibited in the specimen class by Mrs. G. H. Hamilton was one of the centers of attraction. Some of the outstanding Irises exhibited at the show were: Aphrodite, Arlington, Aurifero, Avatar, Balduin, Bertrand, Bruno, Buto, Candlelight, Cardinal, Frieda Mohr, Geo. J. Tribolet, Germaine Perthuis,



FIG. 5. Entrance to Iris Garden. Columbus Iris Show—1930.

Golden Promise, Grace Sturtevant, Labor, Le Correege, Le Grand Ferre, Lindbergh, Marquisette, Midgard, Moa, Ophelia, Pluie d'Or, Primrose, Purple Haze, Santa Barbara, Taj Mahal, True Delight and Vesper Gold.

The Silver Medal of the American Iris Society and the Louise H. Arbuckle Silver Cup, given as Columbus Iris Society Sweepstakes, were awarded to Mrs. E. H. Bretschneider. The American Iris Society Bronze Medal was awarded to Miss Grace Innis. In the class of about 18 seedlings was a tall well branched clear yel-

low, grown from seed by Dr. A. E. Waller. This was given Honorable Mention by the American Iris Society judge, Mrs. Emig-holz, and giving a rating of 85.

Several thousand spectators attended the exhibit and it was the general expression among the flower lovers that it was the most artistic and elaborate show ever staged in Columbus.

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## THE IRIS CLUMP PAN

(As Used at Columbus, Ohio, in 1930)

EDWARD H. BRETSCHNEIDER

When we decided to stage an Iris Garden at the Columbus Iris Show this spring, we wondered how we would be able to move clumps of Iris in full bloom into the show room garden. This was

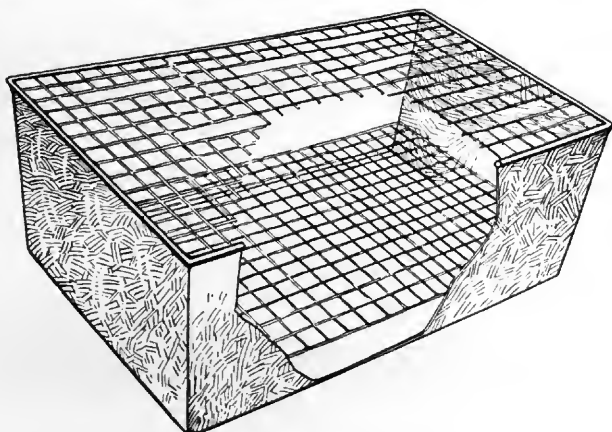


FIG. 6. Iris Clump Pan.

a very difficult undertaking, especially since our garden required about two hundred clumps. The writer conceived the idea of having galvanized iron pans made. These pans, which were 10" long x 7" wide x 4½" high, were covered on top with 2 x 2 mesh wire gauze and a lower level of the same gauze about one inch from the bottom. In the top layer of wire screen several of the wires were cut to make a larger opening to allow the iris foliage to be inserted into the pan. This gauze held the cut blooms in a rigid position just as they were arranged to represent a garden

clump. After the pans were filled with water the wire gauze was hidden by sphagnum moss sprinkled on top. These pans (clumps) were then placed in the flower beds outlined with strips of 2" x 4" lumber. We then used sawdust to fill the spaces between the pans and levelled the top over with peat, thus giving the effect of Irises actually growing in soil. Strips of sod were used to edge the border of the beds and to cover the framework of lumber.

Many attractive color combinations were used in arranging the pans (clumps) with various varieties of irises.

Mrs. J. F. Emigholz, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who served as one of the judges at our show, was so interested in the Iris Clump Pan she ordered fifty of them for the Cincinnati Flower Show, and since then many other requests have been received. It was this little device, simple in construction, which made it possible for us to stage an Iris garden at the Columbus Show.

*Note—Any one wishing to secure these Iris Clump Pans for future shows can correspond with Mr. E. H. Bretschneider, 1388 Bryden Road, Columbus, Ohio.*

### **"FLAGS IS FLAGS"**

Conversation between one of the House of Dominion and A daughter.

Time: 1925 A. D.

Place: A nice sloping garden in the sun where the children are being tucked away carefully one by one, in a richly hand worked bed, against their next blooming.

Dramatis Personae.

Seedee of the menage of Dominion.

Deedee: One of the younger children of Seedee.

Seedee. In agitated sotto: "Now you have started something—"

Deedee. "But Muvver what is a flag, or what is flags?"

Seedee. "Yes, yes dear, that is the word that gets the real genuine hot potato iris man fighting mad."

Deedee. "You say he gets real mad just like a red rag to a china bull in the shop. Muvver?"

Seedee. Yes, yes child, you are quite all right. Now you must turn over and go to sleep.

Deedee. But why then Muv—Flags is flags?

Then irritable and sleepy, "For gauze sake Muvver what is a flag?"

Seedee. It is nothing at all, there is nothing to it. Do not ask so many questions.

Deedee. But Muv—?

- Seedee. There is not a thing to it or them. A flag is something that flaps and flops in the wind, and it flops and slops in the rain—
- Deedee. But Muv if it does not wind or rain—? What about the sun?
- Seedee. Now don't start anything else. Don't you know that flags unless made of the most extraordinary imported material fade in the sun?
- Deedee. How did they get that way, Muvver?
- Seedee. Oh, they just grew. They were B. D. Now go to sleep so that next year you can wake up prettier and darker than ever.
- Deedee. I'll do that little thing Muv, but what does B. D. mean? Is that the short for bad? Are you trying to save letters and writing ink?
- Seedee. No, no, Brunova, B. D. is for, Before Dad, just as I told you last week A. D. was, After Dad, in the year of Dominion.
- Deedee. Tell me another, Muv. Who were the nice ones before Dad, cause we have to play with them sometimes.
- Seedee. They were mostly species, dear; that is a starter of their kind or a beginner. All starters or beginners are nice to play with for they have not associated with others.
- Deedee. Muv was Dad a—?
- Seedee. Not another word. Right over now. Go to sleep.  
—Curtain—

“NYOLNYM.”

## TID-BITS 24TH

*From Rosalie M. Davis, Houston, Texas*

I have been reading with much interest Bulletin No. 35 which has just reached me, and decided you would be interested in the work I have been doing here in Houston.

In 1927 circumstances forced me to return to Houston, my old home town, for the winters. Of course, being pried loose from my adored garden at Greenlands, I immediately began looking round to see who among my old friends were growing iris. Imagine my surprise to find only one or two, and they were considered very daring, as “iris simply would not grow here.”

Having grown some four or five varieties here in 1914, '15, '16, with no trouble at all, I was sure there was a mistake somewhere, and promptly decided to put in a trial garden of my own. It was December before I finally acquired a house with a small garden.



During this month and January, 1928, I planted some 64 varieties and some of my own seedlings.

Owing to the fact that the roots were very dry when planted, having been out of the ground some time, only a very few bloomed the spring of 1928, and these on very short stalks. In June I returned to Virginia for the summer as I thought, but business brought me back to Houston in August. In spite of the fact that the yardman who had been hired to look after the place in my absence had done so by not doing it, and the weeds and grass were everywhere, I found the iris in splendid condition, and with, in most cases, a perfectly marvelous increase. Of those planted only Chalice, Dream, and May Morn died.

Deciding that I hadn't anywhere enough ground for a trial garden, I bought Moss-side in September, 1928, and the poor iris had to be moved. Those which I could plant promptly, bloomed well the following spring but most, owing to circumstances I couldn't control, had to be kept out of the ground some time, the last plantings of them being made in January, 1929. Even so a few of these bloomed surprisingly well. Ballerine simply surpassed itself, and I have never had finer blooms of Cardinal and Moa. Also Day Dream was fine.

Since then I have replaced the three that died and added some 250 other varieties. I planned a regular iris field day for this spring but luck was against me, as I had to leave for Virginia just after the iris started blooming here.

I have tried planting and transplanting at various seasons during the three years I have been working with this, but of course the time is really too short for any positive statements. A good percentage of the spring planted roots did very badly, a number dying out. Late May and early June, so far, have been best with late September and October a close second. All fall until mid-January is safe, but with lessening chance of spring bloom. This year I shall try late June, July and August planting. I do not, knowing Houston summer weather of old, expect much success during these months.

Some varieties seem to do much better than others, Souv. de Mme. Gaudichau, the Dominion group, Argentina, Ballerine, Kochii, Sherwin Wright. However, it would take too long to name all of them. I would be glad to send you a list of the iris in the garden if it would be of any interest or help to you.

Spanish and Dutch iris do wonderfully here, and apparently English do as well, as I see plenty of dead blossom stalks. I have had some trouble in establishing Sibericas, but the fault may be mine. Emperor makes a most wonderful clump. Tectorum also does well.

My son tells me he has never seen any finer blooms anywhere than were on the iris here after I left this spring, so I feel that I can safely say that no one who likes iris need hesitate to plant them in Houston.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the late Washington show the judges saw fit to award an "Honorable Mention" to a seedling of mine, and this seedling was on only a 15 inch stalk! Possibly the day is dawning when the low-growing but beautiful things can receive awards now and then. Of course we all like the large and tall fine things—I among them, too—but I am beginning to take the position and have been coming to it for two or three years, that the low new variety if beautiful, merits our study and attention. And, furthermore, I hereby warn any one who may hereafter get me to act as a judge of seedlings that I am going to view this class sympathetically, yet critically!

To get back to my seedling; as mentioned, it was on a stalk not over 15 inches in length (in other years it may go to 18 or 20 inches), a large bloom but not over large for the stalk, finely shaped, and as for coloring—it is not far removed from Labor and Grace Sturtevant, and blooms of these two were brought over from a certain large exhibit with which to compare the seedling; the latter was richer than either of the other blooms.

As to admiring, or making an award to a low-growing variety, I will concede to any one, any day in the year, that such a variety must show beauty in order to make up for the handicap of being low; this latter habit is a draw-back—there is no question as to this.

We are getting a little "fed-up" with the tall things, and I hope that simply because something is tall, and large, that we won't rave over it as many of the Iris fans have done; for instance, there is Leverrier—it's big and tall, of course—but it has no shape and as for coloring, the more I see of it the more I see some most ordinary tones in it. Yet, once on a time I thought it good!

But to close: Mr. E. W. Sheets also received an award on a seedling:—large and tall, but of fine coloring, which most people are going to like.—H. P. SIMPSON.

One of the interesting features of the Central States Garden and Flower Show in Chicago was a large clump of Dr. S. S. Berry's iris, Mauna Loa. The presence of this exhibit shows the future possibilities of assembling irises from all parts of the country for shows, making them more representative.

Dr. Berry shipped Mauna Loa from his California garden by airplane to Chicago. The iris was blooming in his garden. The stems were cut close to the ground, dipped in paraffin, and packed for air transport. They arrived in Chicago in perfect condition. The paraffin was removed from the stems, the stems were placed in bottles of water which were sunk in the soil so that the clump seemed to be growing naturally.

It was installed in the exhibit of Paul Battey's Northfield Gardens, winner of the garden prize at the show. A big clump of Alcazar was blooming beside Mauna Loa. The latter was noteworthy because of its great height, being four feet tall even when sunk in the sod in bottles. It is a red purple of rather light tone. Its real effect could not be brought out because of lack of sunlight. It towered above Alcazar.

Another clever arrangement in this exhibit which featured irises, was the use of the foliage of Sherwin Wright to which had been fastened yellow Spanish iris blooms, the idea being to show the effect of the massed yellow.—SHERMAN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \* \*

Extracts from letter from Dr. Geo. M. Reed:

Tokyo, March 15, 1930.

We had a pleasant voyage across the Pacific and have already been nearly two weeks in Japan. We have visited the Yokohama Nursery, the Horikiri Gardens, Dr. Miyoshi and a fine planting of Iris at Meiji-jingu. Several new varieties are ready for naming and we have been asked to assist at the baptisms. If this wet weather keeps up we will have plenty of water. Be prepared for some new jaw-breaking Japanese names!!

An account of our arrival appeared in the Japanese papers and everywhere we have been greeted cordially by the growers who seem glad to see us. We have already received interesting information and the promise of plants for our project.

*Iris Japonica* is very common in the parks occurring in large masses. We have located a lot of places where plantings of

Kaempferi have been made. The former is budded and will probably be in bloom before long.

A friend has located a lot of prints which have Iris as one of the features. I am planning to take back some and would like to have all I can get. Most of them are inexpensive but a few are high priced because of age and the fame of the artist. They will make a great feature of "Iris Day" some time.

Miyoshi's book is out of print, the wood cuts having been destroyed in the fire following the earthquake.

**THE IRIS BORER:** Stewart Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here is an unfailing Iris borer killer—Paradicchlorobenzene.

I tried it on over one hundred Iris plants; it did not fatally hurt one and I cut open dozens of rhizomes and in every case found borer dead.

Close up to the Iris plant or even on it, place tin can lid; on the lid place a heaping teaspoonful of Paracide (Paradicchlorobenzene). Cover plant with a bucket or large can. Around the bottom pile a little earth to make can air tight. Twenty-four hours later remove can and Paracide. I used same Paracide over two or three times, but on second and later times I added another teaspoonful of fresh Paracide. You will find the borer is dead and plant only withered; particularly on a hot day the blades will turn white from the heat, but fresh spikes will soon appear and the borer is dead. You can prove it, if you like, by cutting open the rhizome on some cheap varieties and there you will see the dead borer. Not one of the plants of the hundred or more so treated showed slightest ill effect the next season.

At most bakeries you can obtain for next to nothing their discarded empty lard cans of 5 gal. capacity. Use such on large clumps.

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## DYKES ON IRISES

A Reprint of the contributions of the late W. R. Dykes, L-es-L., to various journals and periodicals during the last twenty years of his life.

*Published by The Iris Society (England)*

Compiled and edited by GEORGE DILLISTONE.

This book contains 280 pages of Articles, Notes and Comments on species and varieties of Irises written by Mr. Dykes between 1905 and 1925. These have been collected and edited, and are now republished with the permission of the various publications in which they originally appeared. The writings are so full of useful information, much of which is unobtainable from any other source, that it was felt essential to arrange them in permanent form for the use of all Iris lovers.

A committee consisting of Mr. G. P. Baker, Mr. G. L. Pilkington and Mr. George Dillistone have had charge of all arrangements of the publication and were able to raise a guaranty fund to provide the cost of publication.

The collection is a fitting tribute to the man who penned its contents at various times under ever changing circumstances. Throughout the years during which they were written, it is possible to trace the results of first impressions subsequently confirmed or modified.

The ground covered by these writings can be estimated by the fact that the book contains 12 pages of Index in which there are approximately 2,000 references.

By arrangement with The Iris Society (England) The American Iris Society is to be the sole distributor of this book in the United States. As the number of copies allotted to this country is limited, early application is advisable.

The price of the book to the general public is \$4, plus 10 cents postage. Special price to the members of the American Iris Society and of the Iris Society of England is \$3.50 plus ten cents postage.

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